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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE GARDEN

SOME wise man among those who wrote of gardens and gardening twenty or thirty years ago, made an observation to the effect that of all pursuits or hobbies which call for the exhibition of philosophic patience, gardening is the most exacting. We make no apology for inability to cite the quotation or to give its exact wording, for the author of the saying was either Mr. Phil Robinson or Mr. Dudley Warner or somebody of that kind, that is to say, a man whose writings are a joy at the first and perhaps at the second reading, and a pleasant, if somewhat vague, memory afterwards. In quoting from such men one cannot be expected to be as precise as if the source of quotation were Shakespeare or Bacon, Carlyle or Macaulay. Their purpose in literary life has been served for the moment when they have caused a few hours to pass pleasantly by giving light-hearted expression to observations founded in truth. And certainly, during this year of grace 1902, the gardening fraternity, and the gardening sisterhood no less, have been called upon to exercise all the philosophy that was in them. Never, perhaps, certainly hardly ever, have gardeners been compelled to look at the beginning of August upon ground less aflame with beauty, upon fruit trees and orchards bearing less promise of a bounteous autumn.

These words do not aim to be the expression of the feelings of the very rich. Given skilful gardeners, abundant glass, and an unlimited supply of coal, the effects of a series of inclement seasons can be mitigated, although they cannot be entirely prevented. But they do pretend to summarise the experience

of that vast army of garden-lovers who, having tilled the soil and enriched it to the best of their ability, and having tended their plants with anxious and even tender care, are compelled to leave the rest to providence and to the weather. For them it is, and it has been, a terrible year. The legitimate winter was not unduly severe; indeed, we are almost inclined to think that if a balance be struck, it will be found that a hard winter at the right time does almost as much good as harm. If it kills off weakling plants and works havoc among the tea roses, especially those which have been neglected in the way of protection, it also plays the mischief with the insect pests, and with the things which are going to be insect pests. But the lastard winter, the severe frosts in May and even in June, the shivering nights in July itself, are the abomination of desolation, and in that verdict, we have no doubt, any jury of gardeners, amateur or professional, would most cordially agree. It has been a frightful year, and now that the proper season of growth is all but over, and that some harvests of fruit and flower have been lost irretrievably or garnered in scanty measure, it remains only to believe that the season has really been exceptional, and to hope for the future.

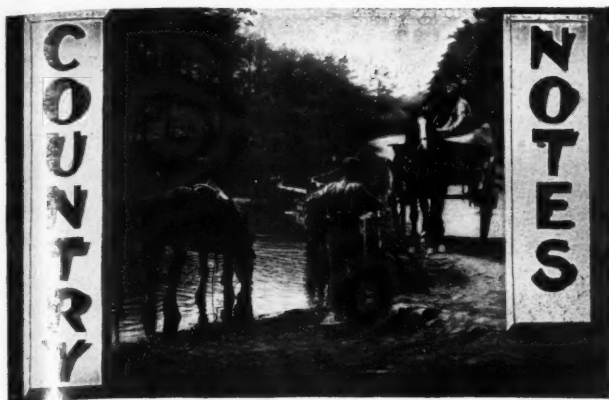
The writer of this article, who is neither the first nor the last among the regular contributors to COUNTRY LIFE, has, like the Poet Laureate, a garden which he loves; and he writes with bitter feeling. Faring forth one bright morning in late May, to find the hoar frost on the grass, he prophesied there would be talk ere long of the lily disease. The prophecy has been fulfilled, and those of the Madonna lilies which survive into August are heads of fragrant white on the ends of bare stalks. Of last year's apples there are still some left in the apple room; this year's crop will barely be worth the gathering. Last year's walnuts were a bumper crop; now, amidst a goodly collection of walnut trees it is hardly possible to find enough for pickling. In July of 1901 cherries—it is a cherry-growing district—could be had at twopence the pound; in 1902 they have been sevenpence. Strawberries hung back ever so long and would not ripen, and then came in with a rush and were over in no time. Only roses and raspberries have flourished. The former were never better, and their summer season of bloom has been much prolonged.

But there is no end of blight now. As for the annuals, or the perennials grown as annuals, on both of which it is usually safe to rely for autumnal effects, asters, marigolds, nicotiana, kosmos, nemesia, salvias, daturas, and the rest, they are three weeks behind their time, and it only remains to hope that Jack Frost, who will cut them all down remorselessly, will be tardy in coming also. But, be he never so late, the best season of growth is over, and the plants which have been stunted and nipped in their early growth can never attain real perfection.

It remains only to hope for next year, on the ground, which has been suggested, that this has been an exceptionally bad year; and there is ground for such hope if our theory be correct that the extraordinary inclemency of this year is traceable to a distinct and singular cause. No pretence is here made to speak with the authority of an expert meteorologist; indeed, physical meteorology is a science to be surpassed in inexactitude only by political meteorology. But in the dim days of boyhood the writer remembers to have heard a lecture on the cause of winds, which was to the effect that they were caused, in part at least, by the inrush of cold air into superheated spaces, and everybody knows that if the window of a very hot room be opened the colder air without will come pouring in. In like manner a fire will make a draught. Then, when one comes to think of it, how terrific and upon how Cyclopean a scale has been the superheating of the air in the neighbourhood of Martinique and St. Vincent. Is it difficult to conjure up in the mind the conception—one can hardly call it picture, since the atmosphere is invisible—of the colder air from all parts of the globe's envelope rushing in to fill that vast area of rarefaction, of the meeting of a thousand opposing currents of air? That, it seems to us, is a possible explanation of the meteorological phenomena of this most disastrous year. It may, perhaps, be described as fanciful or even as fantastic; but we are inclined to think that it would bear investigation in the light of the history of similar eruptions in the past. Was there not something of the same kind in the days of Krakatoa? Be that as it may, gardeners, in these days of sadness, need all the consolation they can obtain even from a fanciful theory as the foundation for a hope that a better time may be coming. At present they must console themselves with philosophy, for there is no other consolation.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

AN excellent photograph of Miss Violet Harford, daughter of Colonel Harford (late Scots Guards), is reproduced as our frontispiece. Elsewhere will be found a pretty group representing Mrs. Fox Pitt and her children.



WE have done with prophecy about the Coronation. Once bit is twice shy, and, although COUNTRY LIFE was not deeply bitten in June, it is as shy in August as those journals which were. So not a word shall be said of the Coronation which can be falsified by any conceivable event short of the world war, at any rate, of England. What then do we know? Simply that these words are designed and timed to appear a day or more before the hour fixed for the curtailed ceremony of coronation, that the appointment of Saturday next for that ceremony has been made for strong reasons, and that a great deal of nonsense has been written and talked about those reasons. To that nonsense it would be wrong to give further circulation by repetition, but the reasons, obvious when once they have been mentioned, may as well be stated.

There are at present in this country a large number of representatives of the farthest parts of the Empire. These include white men, strong sons of Greater Britain, from the three continents of America, Africa, and Australia, with a few white men from Asia also. For none of these, important as they are, is the Coronation being hurried on—for that it is being hurried there can be no kind of doubt. They are all possessed of their full allowance of British common-sense, and there is not a man among them who would not resent the idea that it was worth while for the King to run even the slightest risk in order that the Coronation might be solemnised during their presence in this country. There remain the Indian troops, and it is for their sake that such slight danger as there may be is being incurred. They represent not free communities, but an enormous multitude of mysterious peoples, whose inner feelings have never been completely understood, who are governed, although well governed, and not self-governing. The Colonies have the Imperial feeling; India is governed by the idea of an Emperor. It would never do, to use a homely phrase, for these Indian representatives to go home without having seen the Emperor, crowned as King, in the flesh.

That, then, is the reason why the risk is being run, and it is sufficient. But there is, therefore, the more cause, not the less, why we should all admire the self-sacrificing courage of the King. Glorious reports have come from the Victoria and Albert. Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton has told his brother, Lord Durham, that the King never looked handsomer than he does now; another report says that he looks ten years younger after his period of enforced rest. His recovery has no doubt been exceptionally rapid. But nobody in his senses believes that any ordinary person, having undergone an operation of such severity in late June, would be permitted to go through in early August the serious labour which must be entailed by even the simplest ceremonial of Coronation. In a word, when all this is over, it will be the clear duty of His Majesty's subjects to take care of their Sovereign, or, in other words, to allow him the opportunity of taking care of himself.

It looks as though the Coronation were to begin a great era of tranquil advance. Mr. Balfour, in his first speech as Prime Minister, was able to congratulate his hearers on the unclouded serenity of the political sky. For the moment there are neither wars nor rumours of wars. The continental nations, who long viewed with disfavour our operations against the Boers, have to some extent repented of their calumny, and for some time past have made a flattering attempt to win back the goodwill of Great Britain. No grudge is borne them here. Our traditions are all in favour of free speech, and as long as they abstained from active interference their truculent language mattered little. Hard words break no bones. In their own affairs there does not at present seem to be anything calculated to disturb the peace. Small quarrels and minor bickerings there always will be as long as there are Sovereigns like the Kaiser to say imprudent things and journalists to make

the most of them, but as far as one can see no interests are at stake sufficient to warrant the sacrifice of a single Pomeranian grenadier.

Some of the bogies that kept our forefathers anxious appear to be laid for ever. The Eastern Question, for instance, on which so much platform and paper eloquence used to be expended, has ceased to exist as a serious menace to statesmanship. And that is only one example of the complete change that has come over the political outlook. Our eyes have become fixed on our great dominions beyond the seas, and such a question as "Who shall command the Bosphorus?" has ceased to attract the lively attention it once commanded. For the moment, too, the old feuds and ambitions of the Continental Powers, though they have not ceased to exist, do not threaten war. France does not openly proclaim *la revanche*, and Germany has entered on a course of conciliation in the conquered provinces. Austria has enough to do with her internal affairs, and the sleepless aggression of Russia goes on in its least offensive manner.

King Edward VII. therefore has an unclouded sky above him at a time when a period of peace will do much to increase the national prosperity. It is indeed essential to the development of the newly acquired Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. After the early feeling of relief came the inevitable reaction, and it is now evident that the settlement will not be achieved without friction. Yet the friction is not by any means so keen and irritating as might have been expected. The Boers, along with much that is prosaic and sordid in their character, possess a certain sentimentality which keeps alive their aspirations towards nationality. But opposition is the only food on which this can thrive, and the best antidote to it is a fearless and indifferent administration of justice to all, and an official ignoring of all blood differences. This is what transformed hostile French Canadians into zealous citizens of the Empire, and it, if persisted in, will do as much for the Boers also.

Probably there are many people who, like ourselves, have been somewhat alarmed at the idea, naturally following upon the fact that our officers gave receipts for all stores and provisions requisitioned by them in South Africa, that all these stores and provisions must be paid for in the long run. Professor Holland, who knows what he is talking about, comes to the rescue:

"It should be clearly understood that no such liability is imposed by international law. The commander of invading forces may, for valid reasons of his own, pay cash for any property which he takes, and, if he does not do so, is nowadays expected to give receipts for it. These receipts are, however, not in the nature of evidence of a contract to pay for the goods. They are intended merely to *constate* the fact that the goods have been requisitioned, with a view to any indemnity which may eventually be granted to the sufferers by their own Government. What steps should be taken by a Government towards indemnifying enemies who have subsequently become its subjects, as is now happily the case in South Africa, is a question not of international law, but of grace and favour."

This, if we may venture to say so, is exactly as it should be. By the consent of all, now that the acerbities of feeling on the Continent, which were the natural fruit of passion fed by neglected misrepresentation, have passed away, Lord Roberts first and Lord Kitchener later waged war in a spirit of unprecedented humanity. But, when all is said and done, the enemy, who are now for the most part our friends, were the enemy, and the necessities of the case not only compelled us to take, but justified us in taking, what we wanted from them. If we compensate them it will be of grace, not under compulsion of law. Fundamentally war will always be war, not trading under compulsion. So, when a magazine of some position writes, "We owe the Boers payment in full for all the devastation we have inflicted on their private property. . . . It is our plain legal obligation, from the point of view of international law, to pay it to the uttermost farthing," it is just as well that a lawyer of Professor Holland's eminence should come forward to state how absurd and ignorant that view is.

"I can only draw the conclusion from these circumstances that the horse, which is by no means an immoral animal itself, is the cause of much immorality in others." These are the words of Mr. St. John Brodrick in the House of Commons on Monday, and, substituting the narrower and more exact words "dishonest" and "dishonesty" for "immoral" and "immorality," all men must agree that his words, albeit they involve no startling discovery, are in harmony with the general experience. Fortunately for the reputation of the horse, who is, as children have been taught since the days of horn-books, essentially a noble animal, it cannot be said that dishonesty in relation to his sale or purchase is peculiar to the horse among animals. Dog dealers are not, as a rule, simpletons; nor, sometimes, are the exhibitors of dogs. In cattle dealing, too, there are a thousand tricks, some of which, the stocking of cows, for example, are cruel, while others, such as the filing of

rings from horns, are merely fraudulent. In fact, in all transactions of this kind the man, at his worst, or even in his normal mood, is shown in a worse light than the beast. Men of scrupulous honesty in business will often behave curiously, to say the least of it, in selling any live animal.

It is stated in the August *Fortnightly*, by one who writes as if he ought to know, that Mr. Gladstone wrote in 1889: "It has been my lot to dispose of some fifty preferments in the Church—high preferments, I mean, such as bishoprics and deaneries. Not one of the men whom I appointed has ever asked me for anything. That is the literal and absolute fact, and I do not know that anything could be more honourable to the Church of England as a body." The statement, to those who know how much wire-pulling and attempted wire-pulling there is on these occasions, may seem somewhat surprising, but construed exactly it is undoubtedly accurate. The date, be it marked, was 1889, which is some time ago, and the art of pushfulness has made great strides since then. Then Mr. Gladstone does not say that no clergyman ever asked him for preferment, but that he never gave preferment to anybody who asked for it. Moreover, there is such a thing as indirect application. Nobody, probably, ever ventured to write to a Prime Minister saying, *Volo episcopari*; but there are no lack of guides who are ready to offer advice to Prime Ministers on these delicate subjects if they would only take it.

There are some great fish tales from Southend-on-Sea. There, we are told, the grey mullet have been so numerous that after the visitors have got tired of catching them from the pier-head they begin to feed them by hand, taking interest in the way the fish rush through the water for the morsels thrown. Soon we shall be told that certain fish begin to recognise their own friends among the visitors. But probably a large percentage of the story is true—and well that it should be true, for the grey mullet is a delicate table fish.

CHALKWEED

(SOPHIA THALIANUM).

Along the cliff where no flowers grow
Save these, and only swallows go,
The chalkweed lifts her slender stalk,
And makes a garden of the chalk,
And fears not any winds that blow.
Her little flowers are green and white
And yield no perfume for delight;
But bees for ever plunder them.
A hundred blossoms to one stem
She has, and closes none at night.
The pimpernel may fold her bloom
What time the grey sky gathers gloom,
But chalkweed grudges nothing fair
Of hers, and having grace to spare,
Gives grace, and fain would give perfume.
When her last flowers have fluttered down,
Her seeds fold upwards like a crown
That sets her separate among flowers.
Hereafter, all the autumn hours,
She wears her garland green and brown.

NORA CHESSON.

An anonymous correspondent of the *Times* contributes a useful little article on salmon fisheries in England and Wales, the gravamen of which is that official papers from the Board of Trade in connection with fisheries are unreasonably slow in making their appearance. For example, in August, 1900, a committee was appointed to report on the system of obtaining fishery statistics; its report was dated April, 1901; it did not appear till May, 1902. That, making all allowance for what may be called sanguine dating, is certainly not as it should be. But worse still is the starvation of the Fishery Boards. It is stated that "the total number of permanent water-bailiffs directly employed by boards of conservators throughout the whole country during 1901 was only 579. This was supplemented by 165 temporary watchers and others engaged by associations and private riparian owners." In these circumstances who can wonder that salmon-poaching, which is not only profitable but also very good fun, should be rampant in many parts of the country?

Quite a large crop of Alpine accidents and their results are reported almost simultaneously, and about two of them, at any rate, there is a strong family resemblance. They are the cases of an English lady, Miss Whalley, and a French lady whose name is not given. The former set out alone from Zinal on Saturday morning, and went as far as the Hotel Weisshorn, from which she set out again alone, after luncheon, on her return walk. Eventually, after telephone messages had been despatched in all directions, Miss Whalley was found with her foot badly broken, about 500 metres above Ayer, having passed two cold nights on the mountain-side without food. Thanks to a sound English constitution she may survive. But the French

lady who tried to cross the Mer de Glace without a guide, and in the company of a priest, has paid the penalty of her life for her rashness. The moral of these, as of countless other accidents, is that nobody is safe who tries Alpine climbing without a guide, and, least of all, he or she who tries to climb alone. But the lesson has been enforced so often by example, and has been disregarded so often, that prudent folks are driven to despair. Those who have gained great reputations by solitary ascents have much to answer for.

The ancient garden of the Apothecaries' Society in Chelsea, known as the Physick Garden, has taken a new lease of life, and an interesting account of its history, from the pen of the present Curator, will be found in the last number of the *Garden*. Founded in 1673 by the society, to whom the ground was afterwards leased by Sir Hans Sloane at a perpetual rent of £5 per annum, tended by Miller, the father of horticultural literature, and visited by Linnæus, connected with many famous names, the garden almost came to an end as such in 1893, when the society applied to be relieved of their trust on the ground that the land was unsuitable for a botanical garden owing to degeneration of soil and inferiority of atmosphere. But it was saved, and the Curator now makes out a good case for the garden, with a new lecture-room and laboratory, as an educational institution. No doubt he is right, for if plants will not grow as well there as in the country, they are at least accessible, and quite as useful for botanical purposes as more luxuriant specimens.

A "Country Hostess" deserves gratitude for having taken the trouble to ventilate her grievance against the Post Office in the *Times*. She has tried to make legitimate use of half penny stamps, with the usual result:

"Two months ago I sent out seventy invitations, adhering strictly to the childish distinctions of the Department. Nevertheless each of the recipients had to pay a penny on receipt, and the Post Office netted nearly six shillings by what is neither more nor less than theft. Hearing of the occurrence, I at once wrote to headquarters, and after two letters from me I at last got the stereotyped form of regret for a mistake, and the assurance that those of the recipients who had complained at the time (not more than three or four, I know) had had the amount refunded. I replied that unless they restored the amounts to each of the recipients, of whom I could give them a list, I should consider they were deliberately taking advantage of their servants' fraud. To that I have had no reply. I remember some time ago seeing a report of a trial in which a trader sued a railway company for an overcharge of one penny and being complimented by the judge for his public spirit in putting a stop to a series of petty frauds on the public. Is no one public-spirited enough to put the Postmaster-General into the police-court, or is a Government department above common honesty, legal or moral?"

Surely it is scandalous, and worse, that a Government Department which makes a huge profit should thus misbehave. But the legal question which "Country Hostess" asks must be answered by saying that aggrieved persons cannot proceed against the G.P.O. save by Petition of Right.

The news from the moors does not grow any more favourable. Occasionally we meet an optimist who goes so far as to say, "Oh, the grouse won't be as bad as they are made out." But this is not very far to go, and even this moderate optimist is rare. Scarcely better are the partridge accounts from East Anglia and other chief homes of the partridge. It is the old story—the cold and the wet have played havoc with the young broods. Pheasants, better protected and later, have done a great deal better—that is to say, so far as the tame birds go. The wild ones have suffered with other wild things from the season's inclemency. The deer have fared well enough, in spite of the cold, the wet year having given them a fine feed of spring pasture, but they are rather late, by all accounts, and will be late in cleaning off the "velvet."

The Doherty brothers seem to be taking their mission to America—to defend their title to being the best pair that ever went into a lawn-tennis court—with befitting seriousness. "H. L.," after defeating Mr. Neely by three sets to love, has done for the present with single play, and the brothers will reserve themselves for four-handed practice. In this they are following the example that the Americans have set. Mr. Holcombe Ward and Mr. Dwight Davis would not give a chance away by any play in single games, and we suppose the same may be said of the Wrenn brothers, who certainly are the second best American pair now.

The results of the second day of the German Swimming Association's meeting at Bremen ought to be satisfactory to English swimmers. Mr. Jarvis of London won the championship of Europe over 500 metres; Mr. Henry, also of London, won the veterans' swimming race of 100 metres; Mr. Jarvis won the Emperor's 500 metre prize; and Mr. Henry's long dive of 19 metres was the best that was made. That was not so bad a day's record for one country in an international series of races. We cannot flatter ourselves that England swept the board; but she took, as was proper, the lion's share of all the good things which were available.

An association is being formed with the object of making a game preserve of the Island of Achill, in the West of Ireland, to be called the Achill Owners' and Occupiers' Game Association. It is held that by stocking and preserving Achill Island and the adjoining Curraun peninsula, it would soon rival parts of Scotland. To do this, however, a good deal of money must be spent, hence the proposed association; and owners and

occupiers must be induced to co-operate heartily, or the whole thing will prove of no avail. It is no mere visionary scheme this, of turning much of the now profitless mountains and moorlands of Ireland to good account. If this Achill scheme should prove a success—and there is no reason why it should not—similar associations might be formed in other parts of the West and North of Ireland.

RACING: GOODWOOD MEETING.

GOODWOOD is always a pleasant meeting, unless it happens that the baneful influence of St. Swithin produces a soaking and persistent down-pour. A few such have occurred in past years, but on the whole Goodwood is lucky in the matter of weather, and one has delightful recollections of pleasant picnics under the trees, and of very excellent sport on the course, thanks in great measure to the care taken in the original laying of the turf to ensure an elastic surface, and to the way it has always been looked after. The absence of the King was a matter of universal regret, and detracted somewhat from the lustre of the meeting, but the attendance was undoubtedly good, better in the opinion of many than it had been for some years. There were house parties from Goodwood, Molecombe, West Dean, and other houses in the neighbourhood, and there was no lack of pretty dresses to add brightness and colour to the scene.

Goodwood is generally a heavy betting meeting, but it is seldom backers are very successful and this year was no exception to the rule. Several favourites won, but they were mostly at prohibitive prices, and the amount won on them can hardly have recouped backers for the losses they sustained over the good things which came undone.

In the Craven Stakes there was little to choose in favouritism between Morris Dancer, the winner, and Raven's Flight, who was second, both being recent winners at Newmarket. They



W. A. Rouch.

THE ROAD UP TO GOODWOOD.

Copyright

had the race to themselves, and the former won by a head. After the race Mr. J. B. Joel bought the winner for 720 guineas, after letting him go at Newmarket, if my memory serves me right, for about 400 guineas.

In the Richmond Stakes His Majesty's Mead atoned for previous disappointments, and has evidently greatly improved as the result of a little experience in racing. He ran a real good horse, and in receipt of 5lb. won very easily from Hammerkop, other good young ones being behind the pair. This form makes Mead, who is by Persimmon out of Meadow Chat, on much the same level as Baroness La Flèche, and not far, if anything, behind Rock Sand. A meeting between the three would be very interesting.

Twenty-three runners competed for the Stewards' Cup, and a large number of them were backed freely by their connections. It looked a very open race, but Mauvezin, who started at 10 to 1, had won the race a long way from home. Lord Carnarvon bought this horse in France for a considerable sum, but up to the present he had proved a disappointment. He must now, however, have recouped all that was lost on him before.

Backers came badly to grief again over Cerillo for the West Dean Stakes. It certainly looked a good thing, and the horse was well supported by the stable, so the public followed the lead; but Bray on Swift Cure got in front just before the distance, and Cerillo never succeeded in getting nearer than three-quarters of a length.

Lord Cadogan has had persistently bad luck for several seasons, being perpetually



W. A. Rouch.

WATCHING A RACE FROM THE LAWN.

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second, so that it was pleasant to see the Eton blue colours carried to victory on the Nadine colt. This again was bad for backers, who made Binocle favourite at 9 to 4, but he was not able to get any nearer than third.

The Ham Stakes and the Gratwicke Stakes were both won by the favourites, but their supporters had to lay the odds of 7 to 4 and 5 to 2 on them to induce the ring to do any business. In the former race Mr. Arthur James scored another win with Mrs. Gamp, while the same stable secured the Gratwicke Stakes with Lord Wolverton's Perfectionist. On Wednesday the

able. Rabelais, on whom odds of 6 to 1 were laid, did not get level with Skyscraper until about 150yds. off the chair, but won by three parts of a length, which he could probably have increased somewhat under pressure.

Perseus is a fine colt, if somewhat leggy and light of body, and in receipt of 20lb. disposed of Cheers by two lengths; the latter looked fit and well, and may have a useful chance in the St. Leger, which looks like being a very open race.

A very pleasant afternoon's racing took place at Alexandra Park on Saturday, but it was not of a very high class, and to those who went on there to retrieve their Goodwood losses it must have been disastrous, as it was not till the last race that a favourite proved a winner.

The death of John Watts removes from the Turf one who in his time was among the very best riders of recent years. Brought up and taught at Danebury by Tom Cannon, he soon got known as an accomplished and upright jockey.

Watts's first sensational victory was on Mr. Keene's Foxhall for the Cambridge-shire, in which he carried the heavy weight of 9st. In the Derby he was successful on Merry Hampton in 1887, on Sainfoin in 1890, riding Memoir to victory in the Oaks in the same year, on Ladas in 1894, and on Persimmon in 1896. His Oaks winners were the

Duke of Hamilton's Miss Jummy, Lord Dunraven and Lord Randolph Churchill's L'Abbesse de Jouarre and Memoir, and Mrs. Butterwick belonging to the Duke of Portland. Six times he won the St. Leger, five times on Ossian, The Lambkin, Memoir, La Flèche, and Persimmon.

MENDIP.

A YARN.

"IT is not everyone I would be telling it to—well I know what they would be saying; but by the glint of your eyes and the way they open large without the lids lifting, I think maybe you might have seen what I saw if you had been lying as I was on that rock yonder. It was long ago, before folks flocked here from North Berwick or there was any talk of a lighthouse.

"There was the smell and taste of salt spray in the air that fresh fair morning. Everything seemed instinct with life, the large white clouds scudding across the blue sky, the waves tossing the foam from their crests, and the little boat with wind-filled sail that leaped through the water. The boat was making for the Bass Rock, and as she neared it four out of the five



W. A. Rouch. THE FLAG AGAIN STARTS THE GOODWOOD CUP.

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public backed the favourites in the first four races at 9 to 4, but it was only at the third attempt that they spotted the winner. Marsh's stable, still in luck, produced the first downfall by the aid of Wedding Peal in the Findon Stakes. After Sir Blundell Maple had upset the good thing with Lychnobite, the public rushed to back his horse Doubtful Honour, but Captain Purefoy produced the winner in Templemore, who started at the remunerative price of 100 to 14.

We saw Sceptre again in the Sussex Stakes and the Nassau Stakes; the first she lost and the second she won, and, as might be expected, opinions as to her varied on the two days. The first performance cannot be called anything else but bad. Royal Lancer, in receipt of 9lb., could not have beaten Sceptre when at her best, but the worst point in the race is the fact that St. Briavels, even in receipt of 16lb., should have made a dead heat for second place. That the latter ran in different form to the shift performance he gave at Newmarket must be admitted, but nothing could make him a good horse. The public laid 13 to 8 on Sceptre, and no wonder that next day they would not go beyond 2 to 1. In the Nassau Stakes the mile and a-half seemed to suit her better, and she won very easily by four lengths, but the horses she beat were none of them up to classic form—fairly good handicap horses, but nothing more. The mare did not look herself; she lathered and fretted and looked very delicate and deficient in power, more like what she seemed at Lincoln. Unless she shows very marked improvement between this and Doncaster her early backers will have a very uneasy time of it. There was a whisper of something amiss with St. Brendan, but nothing satisfactory could be learned about it.

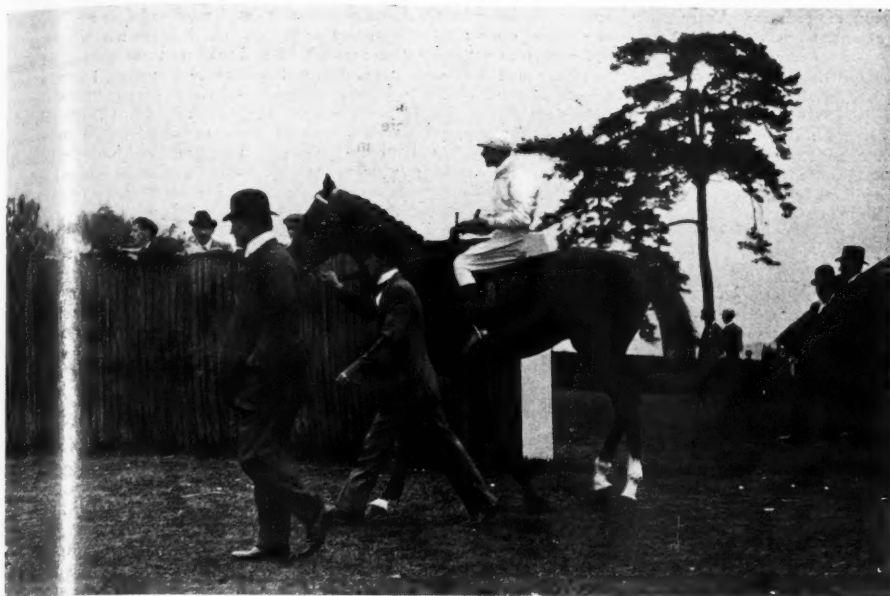
The Drayton Handicap showed us a well-contested finish between Glass Jug and O'Donovan Rossa, in which the former proved victorious. Odds on were once more upset by the head victory of Tippler over Flotsam after a very keenly fought out race. Hammerkop won the Lavant Stakes on Wednesday, beating Skyscraper, Arabi, and Bidy, thus enhancing the form of Mead. As Skyscraper came out again on Thursday to oppose Rabelais, a good line to the term of some of the best two year olds is obtain-



W. A. Rouch.

OUTSIDE THE WEIGHING-ROOM.

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W. A. R. Smith.

PERSEUS AND HIS TRAINER.

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men in her looked apprehensively at the large waves dashing against it. One of the men took a pistol from his belt and fired it into the air. This was a sign for help to be thrown them in the shape of a rope from the landing-place. Now, mind this curious fact when you have heard the rest of my tale. Simultaneously with the report of the pistol, the white side of the rock seemed to rise and fill the air with cries sounding like the creaking of forest boughs in a high wind. It was a multitude of solan geese. Then for the first time the fifth man in the boat looked up and around him. Such a strange intent look at the sky, at the dancing waves, at the whirling birds, he had time to notice the young birds that were huddled on narrow ledges of the rock or had been pushed by their parents into the water, where they floated and grew fat on the oil of their own bodies. When the boat was pulled ashore he gave a last glance at the quivering light on the sea, then walked with firm steps between the two who guarded him. For well might he gaze longingly at the free movements of the birds—he was a prisoner. Then, as I craned my neck to look after them, there was nothing to look after. It was as though men and boat had been blown out like a candle flame, and I felt myself shaking all over, for I had been seeing phantoms. The prisoner must have been the spirit of one of the Covenanter leaders who were confined in the fortress on the Bass Rock.

"Never heard about the Covenanters? Who will have been telling me that you had studied like a lad in a college at Oxford! Truly, the ignorance of an English lassie is astonishing!" W. S.

FROM THE PAVILION.

"PLACE AUX GARCONS," the boys, that is, of Rugby and Marlborough, Cheltenham and Haileybury, who settled their little differences last week, with the result that Rugby beat Marlborough by 29 runs, and Cheltenham did the same for Haileybury by 187, the Cheltonians having had a good season, for they beat Marlborough earlier in the year, and had the best of a draw with Clifton, while in addition the school eight won the Ashburton Shield. In cricket they were mainly formidable through the good fast bowling of Clayton, the slow, left-handed bowling of Winterbotham, and the capital batting of Banks, all of whom were highly eulogised by those who are competent to judge; the fielding, however, and wicket-keeping left much to be desired, and herein the side was inferior to Haileybury, and much inferior to Rugby, whose custodian seemed to be rather better than the Marlborough representative, though both were superior to the Haileyburian. Brooks of Marlborough is quite a good bowler, but with no *vis-a-vis* of any merit too much work devolved upon him. Haileybury had no bowler of special merit, nor had Rugby, though possibly Snowdon would be useful on a slow wicket. Nor, with the exception of Banks, was any very promising batsman discovered; golden things were said of Spooner, but he had the bad luck to be bowled out twice with never a run to his name, while the other batsmen, several of whom scored freely, had no bowling of high quality to meet, though I make an exception in favour of Bevington of Haileybury, who met Clayton and Winterbotham, scoring steadily, yet liberally, off them both.

The Australians failed to win, and to lose, a match last week, as both their engagements, with Essex and Sussex, were drawn, the Sussex match in their favour, that with Essex against them, but two notable individual achievements deserve record. The first was the scoring of a double century, 100 and 119, by Trumper against Essex, a thing, by the way, that Shrewsbury had just done for the first time in his life, but the Essex batsmen, especially Fane, Lucas, Perrin, McGahey, and Kortright, made light of the Australian bowling, and the innings was eventually closed, though no result followed. Trumper, however, failed against Sussex, and it was left to Noble to make the highest score of the year, namely, 384, Armstrong coming next with 172 not out, the pair adding 428, and the total reaching 580 for six wickets. Sussex had to fight hard and to

begin a second innings, but Vine and Killick played up so well, after Fry had gone, that the county "saved its face." Neither Fry nor Ranjitsinhji did anything to speak of. Middlesex, curiously enough, played the same pair of counties, and played two drawn games also, though the two second innings amounted respectively to 401 v. Sussex, and 493 (six wickets down) v. Essex. Naturally the century abounded, Warner and Fry winning that distinction at Brighton, J. Douglas, Wells, and McGahey at Leyton. It is notable that such immediate success should have come to Douglas and Wells, who have only just emerged from the fog of a school term, and the even greater fog of examination papers. With their aid and with a return to form of other batsmen the fortunes of Middlesex may revive.

To some people, certainly to Hayward, the event of the season, outside test matches, was the meeting of Surrey and Yorkshire in a match of which the proceeds were to reward Hayward for much meritorious work for his county, and also for England. As the weather was fine and the scoring so abundant as to enable the game to last three full days, the results should be successful financially, but no result was reached, a fate that attended all the big matches of the week-end. Runs came readily; on the Yorkshire side Lord Hawke made 126, Jackson 77 and 81 not out, Taylor 64 and 88 not out, Washington 8 and 84, Brown 42 and 55. The chief scorers for Surrey were

Hayward himself with 95, and Leveson-Gower with 70; hence, as 23 wickets fell for a gross total of 1,192 runs, it will be seen that the scoring was fast and free, though the crowd fell foul of Lord Hawke for refraining to close his innings and let Surrey bat a second time, though no good result could have attended such a proceeding.

An interesting piece of gossip came to my ears the other day. The topic was not quite a new one, namely, the respective merits of English and Australian cricketers, and the selection of teams. Needless to say, no one agreed on the formation of the ideal English team, though there was a certain amount of patriotic consensus when the question of English decadence was discussed and dismissed, but the quietus was given to the grumbler and cynic by "the quiet man," who remarked at the end, "So-and-so," mentioning a great Australian player now resident in England, "declares that if he had to select the finest eleven in the world, he would only include two Australians, Trumper and Trumble." He had also declared that our failure was in his opinion due to a want of nerve and not of skill. Being more or less inclined to look at the cheerful side of the thing, I suggested that "failure" was only an appropriate word up to a certain point, and then discovered that the rest of our small gathering had not noticed that, though we had lost two matches and had not won one, yet in the series we had scored 1,200 runs to 950, the number of lost wickets being identical. This, to put it mildly, is not kind dealing at the hand of doom, but it helps to dull the edge of the word "failure."

Gloucestershire played a pretty finish with Lancashire, just failing to get the last man out in time, for Barnes contrived to stop the last three balls of the day; but even more sensational was Yorkshire's success over Warwickshire. Briefly told, the story shows that Yorkshire scored 135, which Warwickshire capped with 207. Then five Yorkshire men were out, and the lead was but 48, when Hirst and Smith got going, Rhodes coming to the rescue later, so that the total was 270, and the deficit of Warwickshire 198. This seemed modest, or fairly modest, but it was too big by 100 runs as it turned out, for Rhodes bowled admirably, and two Warwickshire men, Quaife and Hargreave, were run out, Quaife owing to a friendly effort, I was told, on the part of Santall to secure the little man his thousandth run, or something of the sort—for I see that Quaife is not near his thousand at present. In any case the blunder was a pretty serious one.

W. J. FORD.

POLO NOTES.

THE close connection existing between English and Indian polo has been little in evidence during the last two seasons. It is likely to be much closer in the next one. At one time India was the chief school of English polo. The greater opportunities for playing the game opened the way to officers who could not have afforded polo under the old state of things in England. Polo is cheaper in India than in England, although the difference of cost is not nearly so marked as it was. The game has become more expensive in India and less costly in England during the last ten years. But still there is a difference in favour of India. The chief advantages that Indian polo has over English are two. The game there is much more of a regular pastime than in England, for station polo is an institution in most cantonments and many civil stations. The station game is at hand. You can mount your pony and ride off to the ground in the same way that you go down to the racket court or the gardens for lawn tennis. There are not so many matches, and men put more heart into the ordinary game than they do in members' games in England. This is not a match, therefore let me save my ponies and myself, is a common feeling on English grounds. But in India a man knows well that if he is ever to become a player he must make the best of his opportunity in station games. The good players do their best for the sake of practice, and the learners and second-class men work hard to make a better standard of play. Then in India the polo season lasts all the year round; in England about three months is the average duration of any one man's season. Lastly, there are far fewer rivals to polo in our affections. The Indian turf is not profitable nor very attractive. Hog-hunting cannot be enjoyed everywhere, and then only at certain times and at long intervals.

Then polo in India has the advantage of a capable and active governing body—the Indian Polo Association. Indeed, it is the arrival of the excellent

official "Polo Calendar for 1901-2" that has suggested these remarks. Every year the association hold a meeting to consider suggestions and pass necessary alterations, and to decide disputed points which have been referred to them. These meetings and the results are recorded in the Calendar. Then there is a published list of registered polo ponies, which is interesting as showing that in India the Arab has almost entirely superseded the country-bred, and that the Australian ponies are coming into favour with Indian players. These points would always be interesting, but are still more so when we call to mind that now the war is over India will once more have a school of polo for officers, who in their turn carry the best traditions of the game into civil life. Never were the prospects of Indian polo brighter. Those old friends and antagonists, the 10th Hussars and 9th Lancers, are in India, so are the 12th Lancers and the 3rd and 4th Hussars. Probably polo will become a very popular game, too, in South Africa. There are, I believe, to be five cavalry regiments stationed in that country, and if we judge by De Wet and other South African ponies exhibited at our shows, there is a supply of animals of an excellent polo type. The war can hardly fail to leave its traces on South African ponies, from the number of good mares of the polo pony type exported thither. As I anticipated, the foreign buyer has already begun to look for our best ponies, and only last week I heard that a four-year-old pony had been bought for a large sum to go abroad.

The necessities of Bank Holiday publication leave me without the close of our most important tournament of the week. The Warwickshire tournament held at Leamington has been as usual a great success, and has increased in interest as it has gone on. So far as can be judged at present, Beauchamp Hall—Mr. F. J. Mackey, Mr. F. A. Gill, Captain E. D. Miller, and Mr. A. Rawlinson—and Mr. Buckmaster's team, the captain of which played No. 3, with Mr. F. O. Ellison and Mr. F. M. Freake as forwards and Mr. J. Drage at back, are the best two teams, and whichever of these beats the other should win the cup. In addition to the cup ties there is a handicap tournament with nine entries, which promises good polo, as among the players are such well-known names as Messrs. Kenyon Stow (who played in the winning team of the Champion Cup in 1882), F. A. Gill, Hargreaves, Freake, McCreery, Mackey, Barker, and many others. However, the notes on this tournament had better be left till next week.

The weather has not been much more favourable to our county club season than it was to the London events. Both at Leamington and Bedford there were a cold wind and a cloudy sky. There was at the latter a capital match between the Oakley Hunt—Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker, M.F.H., Mr. T. Barnard, Mr. J. Porter-Porter, and Mr. W. Barnett—and the Cambridgeshire—Mr. G. Evans, M.F.H., Mr. H. W. Montgomery, Mr. W. Fordham, and Mr. G. Baldwin. Besides being an interesting game, the meeting of the hunt teams, headed by their Masters, seems to bring us a step nearer to the time, not far distant, when many hunts will have their polo teams and the Pychley and Warwickshire will not always be left to fight out by themselves the battle of the Ranelagh Hunt Cup. If hunt teams become, as they probably will do, more general, then it may be necessary to revise the conditions of the Hunt Cup; but the Ranelagh management may always be trusted to be up to date.

To return to the game. Oakley were very sharp on the ball and made a capital dash. How often a quick side can snatch a goal at the opening! But in this case the ball was hit across, and Mr. Montgomery, having an opening which better combination would not have allowed him, galloped off for a run. When he left the ball Mr. Fordham tried a long shot, but failed. Both sides were playing an open game, and Mr. Whitaker scored. There was plenty of galloping and hitting now, and the ball was kept moving, but by half time the Cambridgeshire team had practically won the match. It was, in fact, one of the many games we see which is exciting for twenty minutes, fair for the next twenty, and—well, not quite interesting for the last period.

Now I must turn just for a few minutes to the show-yard at Exeter, where there was a class for pony mares, headed by Mr. J. Oscar Muntz of Yelverton, who has collected a capital pony stud. The polo pony class was headed by the Keynsham Stud with Game Chicken, an old friend of mine on which I have had many a pleasant ride. This Devon show has been working up steadily into favour. As far as hunting is concerned, the puppy shows remind us that the hunting season is not far off. The North Cheshire is a hunt which interests us very much. The Master has every difficulty to contend with—crowded fields, a section of disaffected farmers, and a considerable number of large estates where foxes are not (to say the least) the first consideration. The present Master, no doubt, is doing the wisest thing in endeavouring to raise the standard of the pack. A good pack of hounds in which the whole country can take a pride is an immense help to the popularity of hunting. Then they kill more foxes, and even where these are scarce, the wise plan is to kill all you can with fair hunting.

Polo players will be wise not to forget to go to Rugby on Saturday. Did I say last week that Ranelagh was going to keep a polo ground open? If so, it was incorrect. Hurlingham, Roehampton, and the Crystal Palace are the three grounds open in London at present. X.

ON THE GREEN.

THERE is a problem still waiting the solution of our practical golfing experts, and that is the problem of remaking the Haskell, the Kempshall, or whatever rubber-covered ball the inventive heart of man may devise and produce. The trouble seems to be that if you put the more or less shapen thing into a common mould and squeeze it as a gutta-percha ball is squeezed, then you lose from the two ends so much as you squeeze out in the join of the top and bottom mould. That does not matter in a homogeneous ball, but it does matter in a ball that only is coated with gutta-percha, because the result is that you make the coating at each end thinner by so much as you squeeze out at the middle. That, I am told by the professionals (who, by the way, do not really love these balls), is the great difficulty. On the other hand, there are one or two who make up the Haskells, and some of the remakes I have tried. They look beautiful—as good as ever they were—and the paint is good, bright and shiny. But I had played with the balls only half a round when they split. Moreover, they were even at the start rather heavier than the original ball, and did not fly quite as well—I thought not, at least. So this still leaves something to be desired. However, I have to admit this, that the balls were very new—I mean new, fresh and raw, from the remaking—when I tried them. It only is fair to say this, although I do not know that a ball gains anything in resistance to

splitting by being kept. It gains in that it gets harder and does not knock out of shape so easily; but that is another matter. As it grows harder perhaps its tendency is to get more "splittable." But I will try these balls again when they have had a reasonable keeping, and will make a further, I hope a more favourable, report. There is this to be said—the remaking of these covered balls is not a remaking as in the sense of the "gutter" balls. These Haskells and the rest are "re-covered" rather than remade, with a new coat of gutta-percha. So if once we get the problem properly solved, it hardly will matter how badly the gutta-percha coat is hacked about. It always will be possible to give the ball another coat. The present trouble seems to be to find another coat that will wear well and shall not be too heavy. From America we have heard that the Haskell balls were much the better for being remade; in fact, we have heard it said even that they were no good until they were remade; but this probably referred to a remaking or remoulding of the original Haskell that first were made with far too little nicking. A remoulding into a pebbly surface certainly would have improved their flight. Probably this is the truth of the tale that men bring us across the ocean.

Such a length of discussion about the implement leaves but little space for any gossip about the play. But, after all, there does not seem anything very special to say under the latter head for the moment. Some of the younger players are showing good form. There is Hamil at Portrush in Ireland. He lately has beaten Herd's record there, and an exhibition match has been arranged between him and the champion, to take place on August 16th. By the way, He d seems to have played great golf on the last day of his week's tour in Scotland, dealing out some severe punishment to A. H. Scott of Elie (Scott of the unbreakable neck) on the home green of the latter. Mr. J. E. Laidlay, we see, won in playing off a tie for a handicap prize at North Berwick. Of course there are competitions without end, but none of them calling for special comment. Mr. Fry is playing very well, and so persistently improving his game that he is likely to be one of the very most dangerous men among the amateurs in the forthcoming season. At Seaford he has been doing wonderfully low scores. When he beat Mr. O. C. Bevan lately, in a team match of the Seaford against the Ashdown Forest Club, on the course of the former, Mr. Bevan was not playing amiss, and yet suffered severe things. Just now at Seaford no one, perhaps, would beat Mr. Fry. The great Harry Vardon, invincible as ever, has been two holes on the thirty-six too good for the champion, at Seaford in Cumberland. Is not Harry Vardon the best of the lot of them still? HORACE HUTCHINSON.

GROWING WALKING-STICKS.

THERE is always work in connection with the preparation of the walking-sticks of to-morrow, and also for planting those of the future. Most observant men must often have wondered at the bundles of sticks in tobacconists' shops. For example, you see a hundred ash plants, every one with its roots complete, and every root precisely at the proper angle for a handle. How is it done? How can you get a hundred young trees in one lot, all having struck their tap roots to order?

I asked one shopkeeper after another, and never met one that knew. Then I got the address of a wholesale producer of walking-sticks, and to my astonishment found him growing them! I had heard of it before, but had always put it down with that class of story that talks about keeping "a sheep" so as to have kidneys for breakfast, like Dundreary.

To master the facts of this extremely interesting industry I spent a couple of days down in Surrey, at Chiddingfold, with Mr. Lintott, who very kindly told me as much as he thought I ought to know, if not a little more. Then he allowed me to get the photographs herewith, and he also informed me that, in so far as he knew, no one had ever published a satisfactory account of farming and manufacturing walking-sticks.

To the man who buys a stick it may appear rather trivial, yet the industry is a considerable one, the more worth studying because it is exceedingly profitable, and, at the same time, very largely in the hands of the foreigner. Alike as to growth and manufacture, it is an industry that ought to be of special interest to Ireland, where all the conditions to success are assured, except that no one appears to know anything about the matter. Mr. Lintott says that Ireland is a large market for sticks, and so my first picture was to have been a Surrey version of Donnybrook. They could not find me a man big enough or strong enough for the Donnybrook standard, and so the idea had to be abandoned. One of the sticks was 12lb. in weight, the other 10lb. They were both oak, and so heavy to wield that Surrey found it very hard.

The process of grubbing and pruning furze is accomplished on a Surrey hillside, and these men make money out of wild stuff that goes to waste in many other parts of the United Kingdom. The furze is not cultivated, though it might be, to a profit, especially on areas that are good for little else. I have seen families hungry in Mayo when they might be making a pound a week by preparing and marketing the furze at their doors. They prefer to make bonfires of it on St. John's Eve. Furze came from Ireland largely at one time, but the British buyers had to give it up because they could not get the Irishmen to cut and forward it as required. The market is open still, while the stuff goes to waste in Ireland.



DIGGING ASH PLANTS.

There is profitable farming in ash plants for the man who knows how to manage it. The plants are three to four years old, in rows a yard apart, with six inches between the plants in the row. This means about six plants to the square yard in three years, making a considerable allowance on the calculation. We get from the English acre about 10,000 plants in three years; this allows only two perfect plants out of the six to the yard. The best of these are worth a shilling each. Take them all at sixpence, and we get £250 from the statute acre in three years, or over £83 per year.

That appears to be the gross product, subject to cost of growing, but in Mr. Lintott's case vegetables are grown between the rows of ash, and this pays for the total cultivation of both crops. It is not often that farmers can get a little by-product of £83 an acre. I know that these figures are well within the facts. Mr. Lintott says he makes fully £100 an acre clear profit out of his land so used each year. There are hundreds of acres growing walking-sticks in Surrey.

Nevertheless, the inexperienced enthusiast had better be careful. Much remains yet. Above all, the roots have to be so trained in the soil as to make handles, and short of this they may not be worth more than a penny apiece. In fact, the training of the root is everything. I know how it is done, but unfortunately for myself and the reader I have not permission to divulge the secret, which is obviously a very profitable one. However, I may say that the plan is exceedingly simple, so much so that it might astonish a learned person approaching the puzzle scientifically. The picture of the cherry trained while growing is even more remarkable.

Here the plant has been cut at the required height while growing. Branches spring from the top of the cut stem, and some of these are trimmed away, leaving two or three to be woven into a circular umbrella handle. We have all seen them. By this careful cutting and training the stem becomes thickest at the top, tapering gradually to the root, and thereby reversing the natural order completely, as may be seen in the specimens here illustrated. As in an animal, the plant directs an increased proportion of its nutrition to make good its wounds, and these being so high up the lower stem remains thinner. These particular results are produced at their best in Austria and Switzerland, and not to any extent that I know of in the United Kingdom. Why? Probably because gardeners and farmers are ignorant of how to do it. Being under no obligation to secrecy, I am glad to be able to give the outlines of the process. It is most interesting work, and with due intelligence and attention may be made as profitable as it is interesting. It might be done in the numerous nooks and corners which may be found useless on any farm, and which have often the richest soil of all.

In "Raw Material" another phase of the industry is seen. The great pile that rises higher than the three-storey building is all for sticks, mainly "copse stuff," and it helps to explain the puzzle so often presented to the traveller through Surrey, where these great stacks of underwood may be seen from almost every point in the county. The great bundle in the foreground of the photograph is furze. The smaller bundles, on the other side, are selected in lengths, for purposes that will be more apparent presently. The waggon has just come from the field with a load of ash plants.

The use of the "horse" is the first process in manufacture. The crooked stick is put up a tube embedded in hot sand over a

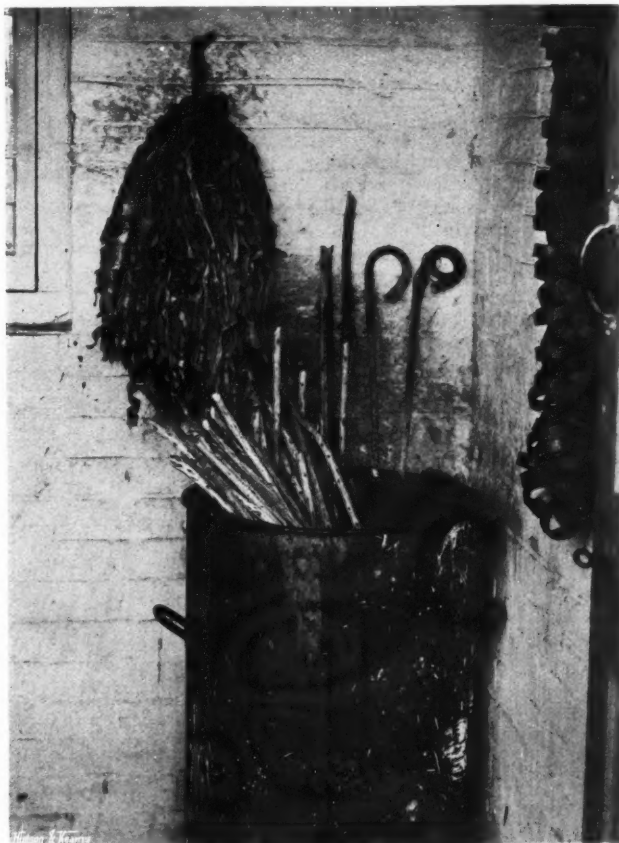
small furnace, then taken out and straightened by hand in the slots of the "horse"; a touch here and a touch there, with the eye as the test, and presently the crooked thing becomes as straight as a rifle barrel, keeping its shape when "set."

Next we see the way in which brittle stuff like furze is bent into a circular handle. After boiling, peeling, and straightening, the part to be bent is wrapped very tightly in strips of stout calico. On the other side of the room hangs a column of metal rings. The wrapped sticks are bent on these and tied at the proper curve with cord. After resting to "set," the shape is permanent.

When the furze is too crooked to make a walking-stick it is cut at the angles into shorter bits for umbrella stocks. A few are long enough to be curved as described above. In cutting into the short lengths the joints and angles are carefully calculated, so as to have as many of these little knobs as possible. All these little details mean money, therefore they are carefully considered. After so much over-

hauling, the sticks have to be cleaned for final adjustment, and they are dried on a roof. The big oak is still in its leading strings, and the ash plants are thrown in, with their roots, merely to give variety to the picture.

"Roughing out" is done where sticks have been cut with sections of their parent branches attached to them, and a man with a circular saw shapes handles out of the blocks. The material is simply a by-product of the forest clearing, yet see how minutely every detail is considered so as to turn the smaller branches of the tree into "self handle" walking-sticks. This also is done mainly in Austria and Switzerland, and the pieces come over at about a penny each. This is the poorer stuff; the



BENDING HANDLES.

finer, with its larger profit and more delicate workmanship, is finished at home. Still, the British importer seems to prosper well on those branches, getting the stick for a penny and selling it for about half-a-crown, with something less than a shilling's worth of labour and capital put into it. Other men round off the smaller corners that cannot be caught by the circular saw.

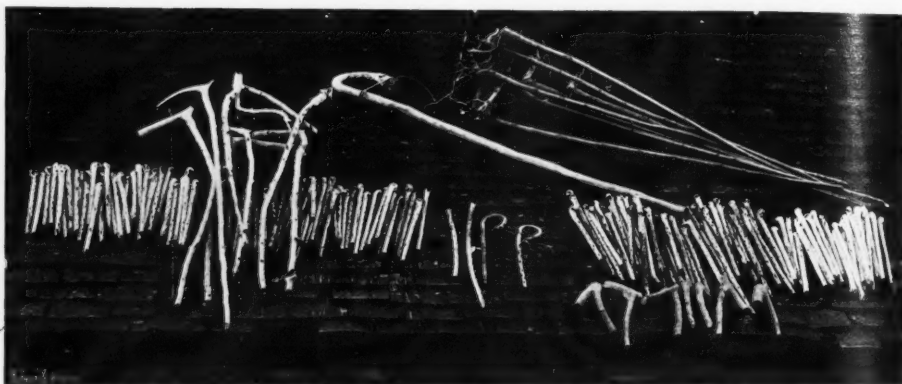
In finishing off play is given to the wonderful machinery



RAW MATERIAL.

with handles ready for jointing to the piles of perfectly rounded shafts. The handles are furze, made as described; the shafts are from America, turned out of short sections of tree trunks at 1s. 6d. a gross. A man shoves the handle into a round hole, the machine goes whir-r-r, and a perfect socket is hollowed out in a few seconds. Another man shoves the little shaft into a similar hole in another machine, the shavings fly, and it comes out tapered to a mathematical nicety. A dip in glue and we have an "invisible joint." It is not a matter of words; the joint is often literally invisible to the ordinary sight. Now we have an umbrella handle, made from a couple of chips, at a farthing each, from different continents, and selling at something like 1s. The clear profit may be anything up to 1,000 per cent. on the raw material used, perhaps more.

For staining and scorching, oil or spirit is used under great pressure in a "lamp," which would be more accurately described as a small steam cylinder. The stick is held in a blow-flame from the lamp, and we get that pretty brown on the handle, with little white eyes in the cavities. To produce the finest staining, acids are used in combination with the flame. If there were space in which to display the showroom a captain of the stick industry might be seen surrounded by his little mountains of sticks in all sorts and sizes, from the little "wang-hee" cane carried by Tommy Atkins to the five-guinea gold-headed contrivance for the racks of the West End clubs. All the continents



DRYING AFTER WASHING.

more men of Mr. Lintott's kind some of these problems would soon disappear. While more learned people have been theorising, and "the land problem" has been getting more severe, he has been quietly working out the concrete possibilities to actual success, with workshops, and ledgers, and banking accounts to prove what can be done with land in an English village. His is not the only industry in which similar results can be produced, and therein is more than half the value of the lesson so admirably enforced by his example. P. D. K.

IN THE GARDEN.

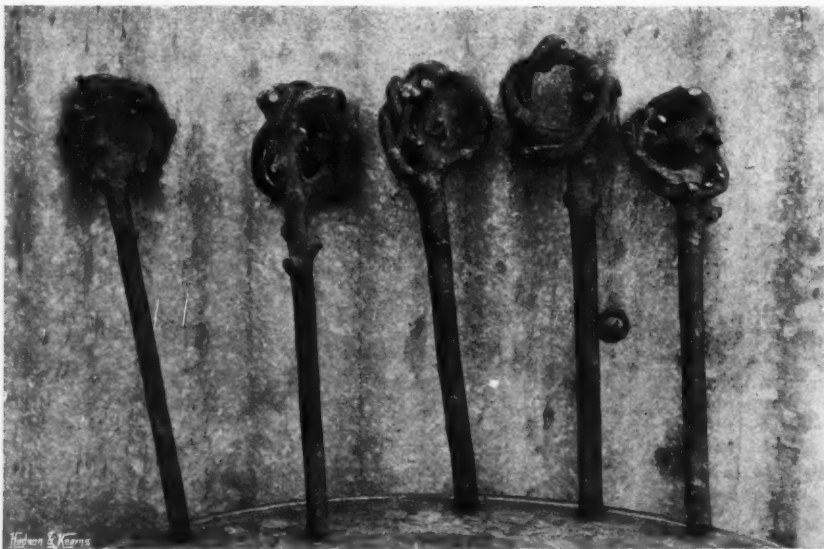
CONVOLVULUS MAURITANICUS.

THIS is the blue Bindweed of Africa, a trailing plant on a warm soil, quite free from anything like stagnation. It is a species for a warm, well-drained border. We planted six of it in the spring in a garden near the Thames, but on rising ground. Five were killed, however, by the wet and frost of May, and the sixth is now spreading fast and trailing out on the stones, a mass of clear bluish flowers. We remember it also in a Sussex garden, where a sunny border was full of it, and the flower-covered shoots trailed out on the path and made quite a little colour-picture. We were told it would live through the winter in this small Thames garden, but, although planted in spring, five out of six died.

ROSE NOTES.

We were in a charming garden of Roses near the Thames a few days ago, and made notes of some of the most beautiful varieties in flower.

Marie Van Houtte, which is one of the most lovely of all Tea Roses, was as beautiful as we have ever seen it.



FANCY CHERRY, TRAINED WHILE GROWING.

The plants were planted in spring, and in spite of the terrible weather during May began to flower early in June, and are now making strong, tall shoots, which before these notes will appear in print will be crowned with flowers. One never tires of the large, open, delicately-coloured, sweetly-scented flowers, a beautiful pale yellow shade, flushed with pink on the outer petals, which curl back to show their soft colouring. But Marie Van Houtte is never quite the same. On one bush were flowers of deep rose, the whole of the petals flushed with this shade, leaving little of the tender yellow. It seems as if the sun had dyed the flowers with rose, and we see this change of colouring in the familiar Gloire de Dijon, which one sometimes cannot recognise with its sun-dyed complexion. Marie Van Houtte is what we call a "safe" Rose; it has never proved disappointing with the writer, whether grouped in a bed or with such shrubs as Rosemary and Lavender. A bowlful of flowers in the house is a delight, and one can cut it with the assurance that there are plenty of flowers to follow.

Princesse de Sagan.—A bed in an important place was filled last year with Papa Gentier, but we decided to move this elsewhere and put in Princesse de Sagan, the crimson-coloured Tea. The flower is of wonderful colouring, a pure crimson, without any of the purple seen in Marquise de Salisbury. The two flowers side by side show how purple the latter is compared to the other. Princesse de Sagan when young hangs its head somewhat, which is not a desirable trait, but with age becomes stronger. The flowers remind one of a Cactus bloom; the petals curl in and make them appear narrow, but this unusual shape is an advantage, whilst their velvety colouring is very beautiful. We have it planted with Archwell Gem Pansy, a yellow flower, as a groundwork.

Anna Olivier.—Few Tea Roses are more beautiful than this; the bud is long, robust, and delicate in colour, white tinged with pink, which deepens towards the centre of the flower, and is thrown into relief by the polished green leaves. It makes strong stems. We have a large bed of it, with the creamy white Molly Bawn Pansy as a groundwork.

Mlle. Yvonne Gravier.—This is one of the more recent Tea Roses, and is planted with Blue Gown Pansy. A bed of it is not very strong (July 12th), but was only planted last spring, and the plants were not very robust. Strong shoots are now appearing, crowded with flowers of exquisite beauty, the petals of shell-like colouring, frail, and clear white, with a rose tinting through it. Every petal seems to flutter in the wind. It is not an exhibition Rose, such as Maman Cochet and its white sport, Marie Van Houtte, or Anna Olivier, but a beautiful flower in the garden. We are looking forward to its behaviour in the autumn. One shoot had twelve buds and open flowers.

G. Nabonnand has been described before. All that is needful to say is that it is one of the best of the Tea Roses and never fails.

Climbing Rose Purity.—This Rose was raised by a nurseryman at Bath. It is a somewhat recent variety and excellent for a pillar or to plant against a pergola. The flowers are white, touched with rose, and show up against the dark leaves. The flowers appear three and four together on the stem, and a succession is kept up. Many of the climbing Roses are disappointing because of their brief flowering season.

Viscountess Folkestone.—In this garden Viscountess Folkestone Hybrid Tea is superb. One group of it is as fine as anything we have seen in the Rose way for years. Many of the flowers are 8in. across, and have masses of dainty petals of tenderest white and rose. These big sweet blooms almost hide the growths, and this is a Rose that from the time its first buds open until the autumn is hidden beneath the wonderful masses of petals.

Edith Griford.—This is always satisfactory. It is one of the best Roses in our experience for a town garden, beginning to flower early and amongst the last to cease.

The Garland Rose.—It was worth a long journey to see the growth of the Garland Rose, with the long and graceful flower laden shoots bending over the terrace wall. Some of the shoots had twenty big clusters of white flowers, as if a snowdrift had settled there. We have seen this very beautiful at Munstead, as it is one of Miss Jekyll's favourite Roses. There can be but little doubt that the graceful Garland is the prettiest of the older cluster Roses, as it is also the fullest of flower. It is seen at its best when allowed to grow quite freely and without any support or staking, when its branches will arch over and display to the best advantage the thick clusters of flowers that spring from every joint. It is also a good Rose for posts with hanging ropes between, though here the natural way of growth is necessarily more restrained. It also serves well for draping or tumbling over a terrace wall, as we have just mentioned. It is beautiful in the early forenoon, but to see it at its best one should be up at five in the morning, when the buds that are to be the full bloom of the day are just unfolding and showing the wonderful tenderness of shell-like pink colour that will turn to a warm white as the flower becomes fully expanded.

Antoine Rivoire.—This is a somewhat recent Tea Rose, which we planted last spring. It is a half-climber, but is a very strong-growing Rose, with

clusters of broad rose-pink flowers. One of the shoots was about 3ft. high, and had nearly twenty buds and open flowers. There is not much seen. We shall probably hear more of this variety.

Rugosa Blanche de Couvert.—We have described and recommended this Rose before in COUNTRY LIFE. It is, we think, the most satisfactory of all the Japanese Roses; the flowers are very large, somewhat flat in shape, and a warm white. The petals get scorched, however, in the summer, probably due to dew and the action of a hot sun. Our experience is that to preserve the full whiteness of the flowers the bush must be in the shade as much as possible.

The following is a note from a well-known rosarian about this Rose: "Those who do not already possess this grand double R. rugosa should note it, to get it in the autumn. One is loth to be unfaithful to older friends, but the hitherto much appreciated Mme. George Brunt is quite put in the shade by the greater purity of white and more general distinctive character of the newer plant. Every year new hybrids of R. rugosa appear, and hybridists have still in store for them a wide field for further labour. The great hardiness of R. rugosa is one of its most valuable qualities, and one that it appears to transmit to its hybrids, even if the other parent be a Rose of tender constitution." To which we would add, sift out the purples and purple-magentas. These colourings spoil the Rugosa group.

Reine Olga de Wurtemberg.—This is sometimes described as a Rugosa Rose, but it is a Hybrid Tea, and a bright rose, half-double, pretty flower for a pergola or pillar. We have it this year planted against a pillar, and it has made growths several feet in length, upon which appear many flowers of a clear, cheery pink. This bright colouring can be seen from the further end of the garden.

Rambler Rose Aglaia.—This is a delightful climber; its double yellow flowers began to appear in the second week in June, and have not gone late in July. It does not flower freely the first year, but after that rarely fails. It is a strong grower.

Caroline Testout.—This Rose is a picture; a bed of it has many flowers, which are a clear pink, and sometimes as much as 8in. across, yet not coarse. The petals are very broad, and the whole flower charms one because of its size and fulness. It gives a bountiful harvest of bloom far into the autumn. The flowers are so large that the shoots bend beneath their weight.

Papa Gentier.—We have a large group of this, and the rich rose colouring is wonderfully bright. The buds are intense, but the open flowers they lose their brilliancy with age; but this only gives many shades on the plant. It is a good wet weather Rose.

Mme. Laurette Messimy.—This is planted with Lavender, but we enjoy the beautiful flowers of this Hybrid Tea wherever they are, in bed, border, or in some simple grouping. The flowers of this Rose are of delightful colouring, a mingling of rose, yellow, and apricot, and so fresh and dainty that we would rather lose Marie Van Houtte almost than this free and vigorous Rose. Some of the shoots bore dozens of buds and open blooms. This reminds us of one border planted with the old China Rose, the bright crimson Fabvier, and Cramoisi Supérieure, which is crimson but clearer and brighter than Fabvier. Cramoisi Supérieure is regarded as one of the most brilliant Roses in the garden. A simple mass of it is painfully bright. In grouping Lavender with Roses the Lavender must be kept within bounds, or the effect of the combination is gone.

Dr. Grill is unfortunately straggling in growth, but strong, and the flowers are beautiful in colour, a mingling of rose and yellow. It is an excellent Tea variety.

Mme. Alfred Carrière.—This climber is always good, but its singular merits can be but little known, for how seldom is it seen in gardens. It is free and quick of growth, bounteous of flower both early and late, and graceful in every aspect. The somewhat loose flowers are large and of a pleasant, rather low-toned warm white, deepening to a somewhat fuller warmth of colour in the centre. The bud is also beautiful, of pointed shape, and flushed outside with a deep red stain. The Tea Rose-like leaves are large, and yet have an air of remarkable refinement, with a rather pale brightness of yellow-green colour. It is a grand Rose to trail, or to ramble over arbour, pergola, or any kind of rough support.

Mme. Chedane Guinoisseau.—This is a yellow Rose, a clear beautiful shade, deeper in the bud than in the expanded flower. Unfortunately our experience is that it gets quickly damaged by wet. The leaves are bright green. It is a good Rose for a bed.

Climbing Roses on Pergola.—On the pergola we have many good Roses, some well known, others somewhat rare. Aimée Vibert is an old favourite. Its well-known white flower clusters scent the garden. We advise those who only know this as a climber to grow it also as a standard. Few Roses make a better standard. R. moschata nivea is a variety of the Musk Rose; its large white, Musk-scented flowers are very welcome, and the corymbs of white flowers on the Himalayan Briar gave us as much pleasure as almost any Rose in the garden. Irish Beauty continues to give its white



Miss Alice Hughes,

MRS. FOX PITT AND CHILDREN.

52, Gower Street.

flowers for several weeks; they remind one of those of the Japanese Anemone, and are very sweet.

CLIMBING ROSES: TOO BRIEF A SEASON.

The hybridist has a great work in front of him in getting a race of climbing Roses that will continue to flower with the same profusion as the Maman Cochet, Marie Van Houttes, and other Tea Roses in the flower-beds. No one denies the charm of the Paul's Carmine, Single White, Penzance Briars, and a host of other Roses we could name, but like a Jargonelle Pear they are soon over—a flash and then nothing more until the following year. Unhappily the writer is unable through pressure of other duties to linger in his garden and wait for the opening buds to enjoy flowers that a week hence will have departed, perhaps spoilt by a rain-storm, and battered with strong winds. It is surely a work for the hybridist, to get rambling Roses that will begin to flower as early as possible, say early June, and not cease until the frosts. It is not a foolish wish, and the man who enjoys Roses but does not know them so well as he who makes their culture a fine art, cannot see why such a race should not be got in the near future. If it be possible to have Roses for months in the beds, why not in the orchard or over the pergola? We strongly advise nurserymen and others to work to this end, and we shall give them every encouragement. A Paul's Carmine flowering through the summer would be a glorious gift and one we would never tire of. The brief season of rambling Roses in general is exasperating. We enjoyed Paul's Carmine for about two hours, but the week after when we visited the garden all had vanished save a fluttering petal or two.

OWN ROOT ROSES.

Those who declare Roses cannot be grown on their roots should see the plants in the garden of the writer. They were purchased at an English nursery and have given keen pleasure. Maman Cochet is a revelation. We have

a bed of it, and the flowers are immense, some 8 in. across, and in improving clusters. Every plant is thick with strong reddish shoots, and flowers of remarkable size and beauty of colouring. Safrano, the flower sold early in the year in London streets, gathered in gardens on the Riviera, Souvenir de S. A. Prince, Ernest Metz, and Mme. Lambard are also a success on their own roots. We should much like to hear from any readers who have grown Roses on their own roots successfully, and the names of the varieties.

THE ALDERBOROUGH STRAIN OF ANEMONES.

This beautiful race of Anemones must not be confounded with the Aldbore, as the raisers, Messrs. Reamsbottom of Ireland, named it after their town, Alderborough. We can only repeat that the flowers are semi-double and of great colour range, a brilliant and beautiful group, and happy is the gardener who can establish them well. Their colouring is remarkable.

NEPETA MUSSINI.

"S. A." writes: "This fine old plant is at present covered with a mass of purple-lavender flowers, which, though individually small, are so numerous as to give the effect of a carpet of colour. Its hoary foliage is pleasing when the plant is out of flower, but, undoubtedly, it is to be prized for its display of bloom. I do not find that many care for the odour of the plant, though it is not obnoxious to me. It is one of the labiates, and bears its flowers in long racemes. These, with the foliage, are of prostrate decumbent habit, which points to this old Catmint being a good plant for the rockery. I grow it in a border here, and it covers a considerable space with its purple flowers. One of its advantages is that it seems indifferent as to whether it is grown in sun or shade. Here it is in a cold, sunless border, yet it never fails one with its many flowers, and for a long time in summer makes a mass of colour in the border. N. Mussini is perfectly hardy."

NORMANDY FISHER-FOLK.



M. Emil Frechon.

SETTING BOATS IN ORDER.

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THERE is a certain time of year when London is palpitating with dust and heat and airlessness, at which one's thoughts turn irresistibly to the coolness of sea breezes and the freshness of an ozone-laden air. All this, perhaps, one may get without being at the pain—considerable for some of us when the weather is rough—of crossing the sea, on the shores of our own little island. But we never get quite the same sense of refreshment there, perhaps, as in some of the watering-places or fishing villages—generally the

two run together—on the French coast, especially the Northern French coasts of Normandy and Brittany, and for choice the former. Here we come in contact with a finer race, with a finer country, both having many of the best of those characteristics which we like to call typically British. In truth, they are the possession of all the great races all the world over, and are better to be indicated by these wide hints than analysed in detail. When we go to those Norman seacoast towns, whether fishing village or smarter watering-place, we do not find any of the silly



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COILING THE NET.

M. Emil Frechon.

Anglophobia that is fed by the gutter Press of Paris. We are received with a kind and simple courtesy, such as is due between self-respecting people of the human race, irrespective of small questions of nationality. It is hard to imagine that anything small or mean could exist long in face of that glorious fresh sea and fresh breeze that beat on the Norman coast; and a people that go down to the sea and pursue their business in great waters, these having constantly before their eyes the wonders of God, and their lives constantly in peril of the sea, hardly can take those microscopic views which are required for serious attention to the petty envies and animosities of men. These are blown away on the gales of the great Atlantic.

You see the rough men, in their big sea boots, their oilskins, and the "sou'-wester" caps, shading faces that are brown and wrinkled, and the women, well made, with big limbs, and a fine carriage of the head that comes only from bearing weights—that is to say, fish baskets for the most part—on the head, and with huge, ungainly sabots on the feet; and it does not need that you should have read your Victor Hugo or your Pierre Loti to understand that there is a poetry and a pathos in the lives of

not even the best of seamen is wise at all hours, and there are storms and fogs and currents that confound the most skilful seamanship.

Of course all is not poetry and pathos. There is sordid work and there is dirty work, and a deal of this falls to the share of the women, who are such able and zealous coadjutors of their sea-going husbands. The cleaning, the sorting, and the marketing of the fish, these fall to their lot, tasks of small dignity, save for such dignity as is inseparable from honest toil. The neighbourhood of the fishing port is not always most savoury. We all know the pathos that is most familiar to the lives of the fish wives; the outlook for the boats that perhaps may not return.

The weight of fish that these Norman women will carry without a murmur, and apparently with hardly an effort, is remarkable enough. For the satisfaction of curiosity, really it is worth the British visitor's while to ask to be allowed to lift the basket, only do not let him make the request unless he is fairly confident of his own weight-carrying muscles, otherwise the result may be a humiliation for Great Britain that may go far to



At. Emil Frechon.

READY TO START.

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these people who are not outwardly polished. They have not the gift of expression, cannot write the poetry nor put the pathos into words, but the influences are to read on their faces. They are the faces of men who have toiled hard with Nature and looked at death close at hand, and of women who have watched and waited, never knowing whether or no those that they loved, whom they had seen set out in the fisher boats, ever would return to them again. Some of them are coast-wise fishers, going no very long way from port, others may be fishers of cod, far away on the Newfoundland banks, where the wet sea fog is nearly perpetual, and there is every chance that a great ocean steamer may run you down as you lie at anchor in the night, and the only sign of the accident is a dent found in her bows when she comes to port. Of the fishing-boat's crew there is none left to tell the tale. But even these cod fishers of the banks run scarcely greater risks than those who pursue their calling along the coast, for it is a dangerous coast, although very well provided (better than our own) with lighthouses, and rocks abound to make the passage difficult to the ports. Of necessity these men are good sailors, skilful and brave in the handling of their boats, and the boats themselves are of fine lines, and well found but

make up for Fashoda. No doubt this great weight-bearing capacity of the women is not solely and sheerly a matter of strength. Practice has developed certain muscles that are used in portage to a degree that would surprise the Briton who has not been trained in this way. That is part of the reason of their faculty for carrying the heavy weights, but only part of it. The other part is that the practice has given them, besides the muscular power, the power of throwing themselves into just the best attitudes for the purpose in hand. They do not, in fact, undergo as much strain as a people less used to the bearing of burdens. Thus practice makes perfect in two distinct ways.

Very hopeless, as it appears to the eye of one who is not used to the fishing boats, is the state of confusion upon them when they return home from a cruise. All is in such disorder—that is to say, such apparent disorder. The nets look as if never again could they be "sorted" (as our own Scotch fishers say), cleaned and laid in order, so as to run out freely at the next expedition. With some of the finer kinds of nets, such as the sardine nets, the fishers or their wives commonly wash them free of the salt water in fresh water when they come in; but this care is not, I think, bestowed on the coarser

nets that suffice for the bigger fish caught, whether in seine nets, trammel, or trawl, off the northern Norman coast. Still, a deal of care is needed even for these. They are valuable stock-in-trade. But the shortness of time in which the deft and practised hands will have all this confusion worse confounded set in order, all this mess of fish, or fish sliminess, fish scaliness, and the mess of fish-cleaning washed up and away is marvellous. On the morrow there the boats will be spick-and-span, ready for starting, the nets (unless, of course, they be trawls, when they will need less of this kind of attention) ready coiled, and each coil laid so orderly that there can be no possible hitch in the "paying out." In the case of a line fisher, whether with long line or with deep line, the care paid to this matter of having no entanglement has to be greater still. With regard to these there is other work for the women. In the first place, there is that which in Scotland is known as "hewking lugs for the line," that is to say, digging worms for baiting. Then, when the "lugs" have been "bowked," there is the further work of putting them on the hooks, and this is no light labour (nor a very pleasant or clean labour) where there are some hundreds of hooks thus to be baited. As you go along with this unsavory work you are very likely to find a hook gone here and there, or a strand frayed. These things have to be seen to and mended before you can go on with the baiting. When the lines came in off the boat ten to one they were in a state of tangled confusion that required some skill and patience for its unravelment. Then there were all kinds of undesirable fragments of star fishes and the like foreign bodies still adhering to the hooks. These had to be removed, not without difficulty. This all is woman's work, and perhaps some mending of broken meshes of net may be needed. A porpoise, a shark, or even a small whale, may have found his way into the net unsuspectingly, and his way out again violently, making gaping rents that have to be filled and made good.



M. Emil Frechon.

HEAVY LADEN.

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The poets of the fishers' life (and I do not think that we can name any better worthy of that title than those spoken of before, Victor Hugo and Pierre Loti—they have expressed the poetry of the life, not of the French fisher only, but of the fisher of all nations) do not make much account of these sordid tasks. They are not the stuff out of which poetry is most easily made. They do not appeal to the imagination so forcibly as other facets of the life may strike it. Yet, after all, they make a big part of the life, especially of the women.



M. Emil Frechon.

SORDID TASKS.

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ATTAR of ROSES.

IN an interesting trade report, Mr. MacGregor, our Vice-Consul for Eastern Roumelia, points

out that the yield of attar of roses this year is from twenty to twenty-five per cent. less than in 1900. He makes out a lamentable case for those who grow roses to supply this famous essence. Prices have fallen to an extraordinary degree in the foreign markets, and he gives it as his opinion that this is due to adulteration. "Reports have reached here," he says, "that some of the so-called better brands have been offered abroad at from £26 to £28 per kilo (2½ lb.), a price which would not cover the first cost of purchase on this side." The main cause for regret is that the rose fields belong to peasant proprietors who are also distillers of the essence, and the ruin of the industry means their undoing. But no attempt to revive it is promising of success, owing principally "to the indifference of consumers abroad."

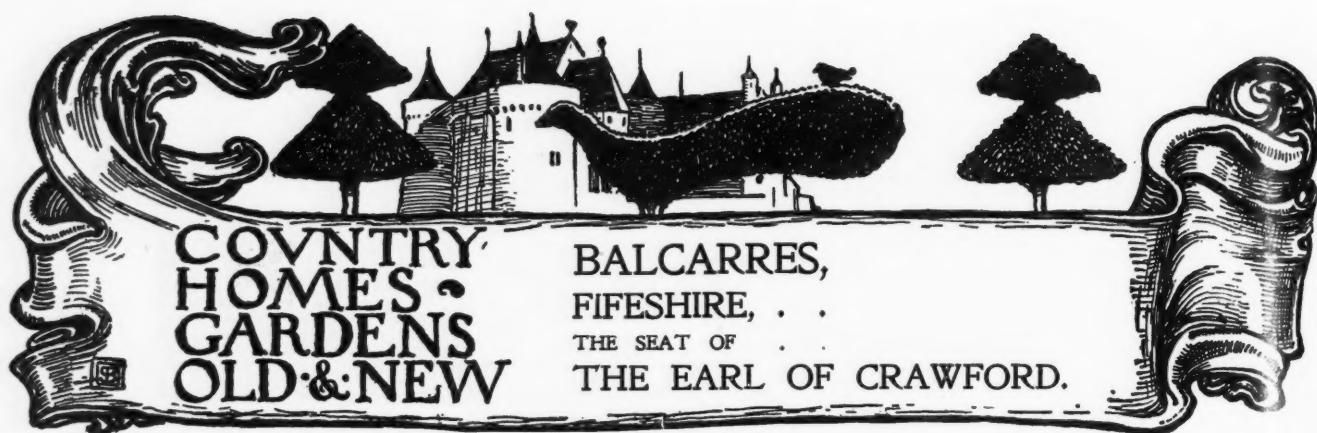
Some Frenchmen have started a large distillery at Karlovo, but there does not appear to be much chance of it doing well. It is to be feared that a stronger influence than adulteration is telling against this trade, although Mr. MacGregor does not point it out. The taste in perfumes has undergone a revolution since the time when a young dandy's "essences turned the live air sick," and the hero of a novel vindicated his right to be fashionably attired when he entered a room diffusing a scent of attar of roses. We have taken to fainter and more delicate essences that do not assert themselves so much, and it is scarcely untrue to say that in this case the violet has supplanted the rose. Even *pot-pourri*, or to give it its better English name, rose-jar, is not made so much as it was when the famous Baron de Brisse wrote out his directions for it. The rose is itself more cultivated than ever, the commoner kinds for massing, the rarer for individual blooms, but the commercial purposes of the queen of flowers have fallen into the background—it is now cherished mostly for the sake of its own dear self.



M. Emil Frechon.

BRINGING THE CATCH ASHORE.

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THE stately seat of the Earl of Crawford in Fifeshire situated upon the southern slope of that county, some three miles from the sea, is dignified by beautiful gardens and old woods, possessing in its Craig an object, as one writer has said, "worth all that twenty Browns could do for any place in conferring romantic beauty," and commanding a superb view, which embraces nearly the whole expanse of the Firth of Forth, the Lothians opposite, the Bass Rock out at sea, and the Lammermoor Hills, while a canopy of smoke indicates where Edinburgh lies, twenty miles away. The Lindsays have long held sway in Fife and all that country. They have possessed more than twenty great baronies and lordships, and many lands in Forfar, Perth, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Inverness, Banff, Lanark, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and Wigton. As Sir Bernard Burke says, their earldom formed a petty principality, an *imperium in imperio*. They affected a royal state, held their courts, had their heralds, and in their old castle of Finhaven kept up a magnificence that would have befitted a monarch. The Earl was waited upon by pages of noble birth, trained up under his eye as aspirants for the honours of chivalry. Thrice did the head of this great house match immediately with the Royal house. Its members became distinguished patrons of

art and literature; they were lawyers and statesmen and they were enthusiastic builders, gardeners, and developers of agriculture.

Walter de Lindsay, an Anglo-Norman baron, figures as a magnate under David, Prince of Strathclyde and Cumbria, before his accession to the throne. William de Lindsay of Crawford was High Justiciary under William the Lion, and his three sons founded the houses of Crawford, Lamberton, and Luffness, of which the last ultimately succeeded to the representation of the family, adhering to Bruce, while the Lindsays of Lamberton and Crawford supported Baliol. David and Alexanders succeeded one another in the long line through stormy days, until David, Lord Lindsay, became Earl of Crawford in 1398, his direct descendant, the present twenty-sixth Earl, being the premier of his rank in the Scottish peerage. In Lord Crawford's book, "Lives of the Lindsays," he speaks of the first bearer of the title as "a bright example of knightly worth." This first Earl fought *à outrance* with John, Lord Welles, on London Bridge. It was a valiant tourney in the lists, and Welles was struck from his saddle and fell to the ground. Then dismounted they fought until Sir David—not yet an Earl—fastening his dagger in the arms of his opponent, hurled him



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PYRAMIDS OF BOX.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



"COUNTRY LIFE."

ON THE LOWER TERRACE.

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A SINGLE STAIRWAY.

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THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to the ground, whereupon, as we read, King Richard, from his "summer castell," cried out:

"Lindyssay, cousin, good Lindyssay,
Do furth that thou should do this
day."

But the Scottish knight, choosing the way of clemency, raised his foe from the ground and presented him to the Queen, "as a gift, wishing, like a true knight, that mercy should proceed from woman." Davids and Alexanders still succeeded, and David, the fifth Earl, raised his family to the greatest height of its power, was Master of the Household and Lord Chamberlain, a patron of art, and letters also, who was created Duke of Montrose — a title to which the Lindsays have since laid claim.

David, the eighth Earl, who died in 1542, had contributed to embitter the last days of the Duke, and retribution was visited upon him by the misdeeds of his own son, the Master of Crawford, spoken of in Scottish tradition as the "Wicked" or "Evil Master." In this representative of the great house was typified all that was worst in his times, and he exceeded his compeers in prodigality, recklessness, and crime. Attaching himself to a band of ruffians, he seized his father's fortress of Dunbog, practised the life of a bandit, oppressed the people, tyrannised the clergy, and levied blackmail. His final excess was in besieging his father at Finhaven Castle, and, being arraigned for his iniquities, he was adjudged legally guilty of the crime of parricide, and, though his life was spared, he forfeited all the titles and honours of his house. Strange was the way in which the title thereafter passed. The next heir, David Lindsay of



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THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Edzell, whose father had fallen at Flodden, succeeded as ninth Earl, while the "Wicked Master" perished in a brawl with a cobbler of Dundee.

Earl David, who was the father of the builder of Balcarres, was a remarkable man in his time, and his action in regard to his peerage was peculiar. Taking pity upon the son of the "Wicked Master," he brought him up as his own child, nourishing indeed an adder in his bosom. His own son, Sir David, succeeded to the Barony of Edzell, while his second son, John, Lord Menmuir, was the ancestor of the Earls of Balcarres. Through the generosity of Earl David, the Earldom of Crawford



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THE DOUBLE STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GARDEN OF BOX-TREES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

went back to the original line, and David, son of the "Wicked Master," succeeded as tenth Earl of Crawford. Iniquity appears to have been deeply rooted in his line, for the twelfth Earl died a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle in 1621; reckless, prodigal, and desperate, he had alienated his possessions, and reduced his family to the brink of ruin. Ludovic, the last childless holder of the title in this line, contrived to obtain a regrant of the title, by which was interpolated between himself and the family of Edzell the whole line of the Lindsays of the Byres, being the seventeenth to the twenty-second Earls, of whom the last died in 1808, after which the title reverted to those to whom it seemed rightly to belong.

It is now time to go back to the sons of the ninth Earl,

whose apparent rights in the Earldom of Crawford had been diverted. Sir David Lindsay of Edzell and his brother John, Lord Menmuir, who built Balcarres in 1595, were contrasted characters. David was the soul of honour, generosity, and warm affection, and had great taste in architecture and design, while John was an astute lawyer and statesman of varied talents, a linguist, and a practical man of business, but a scholar and poet also. The two brothers had, indeed, much in common and frequently corresponded. Both of them were great builders and planters, and while the castle of Edzell developed under David's hands, that of Balcarres had its origin in the taste of John. "Ye desire me," wrote David's half-brother, Lord Ogilvie, to him, "to bestow some few lines on you concerning

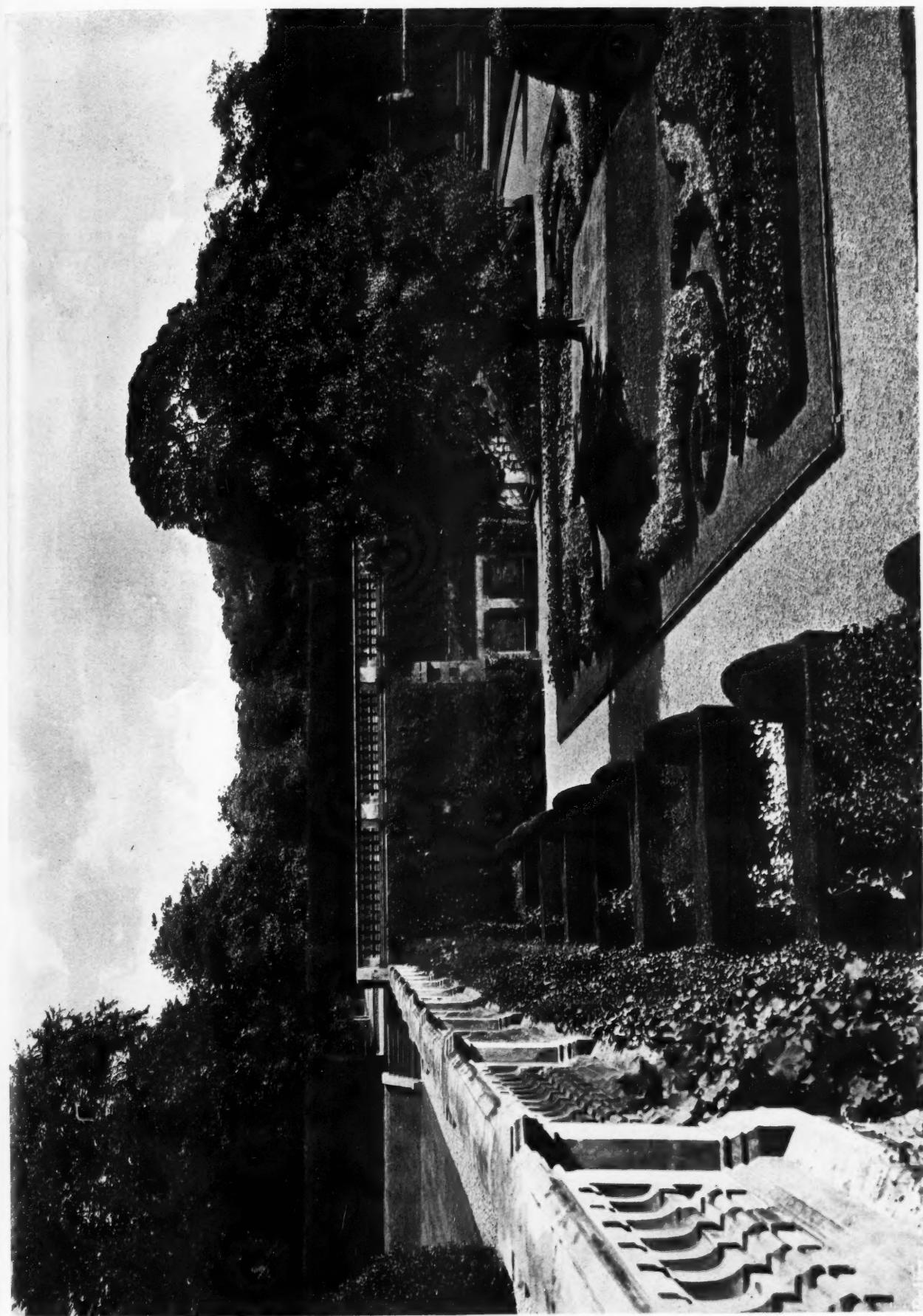
my planting—truly, albeit, I be the elder, I will gif you place as maist skillful therein. Your thousand young birks (birch trees) shall be right welcome." "Remember," wrote Lord Menmuir, "to send me my firs and hollins," forwarding at the same time a present of elm seed. Gardening and planting was the favourite pursuit of both brothers, and in a letter from Lord Menmuir at Edinburgh to David, he thanks him for his "letter with 'La Maison Rustique' and 'Columella,' whilk will serve for my idleness in Balcarres and not for this town." The taste for country occupations had descended from Earl David and became hereditary in the Lindsay family both at Edzell and Balcarres. There exists a curious instrument of David's attested in his "viridarium" or garden at the former place. It is recorded that there his work included the garden wall, presenting the fesse-cheque of Lindsay and the stars of Glenesk, flanked by brackes.



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THE EAST COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

PARTITIONS OF BOX.

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THE CRAIG.

"C.L."



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PLANNED GARDEN OF BOX.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

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A WALL OF BOX HEDGING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

for statues and alti-rilievi. The garden at Balcarres was also at all times an object of interest and pride to its possessors.

Lord Crawford, in his "Lives of the Lindsays," remarks in regard to the building of the two houses: "But, while Edzell, from its situation—low and at the foot of the hills—could exhibit nothing picturesque or grand, apart from its own architectural character and decorations, Lord Menmuir, in fixing his residence at Balcarres, bequeathed to his descendants the enjoyment of pure and fresh air, of proximity to the sea, and a prospect embracing rock and meadow, island and lake, river and ocean well-nigh boundless, and for which they have great reason to bless the merciful Dispenser of all things, who has cast their 'lines of life' so pleasantly.

And it may be an agreeable reflection to them that, though part of the original edifice, as built in the Scotch-Flemish Gothic of the sixteenth century, has been destroyed in the course of more recent improvements, the greater part still remains incorporated into the more modern structure, and that a few of the more ancient trees that surround the house, ilexes and hollies, are still venerated among us as having been planted by the hands of our ancestor, Lord Menmuir."

It may be remarked that Menmuir was the forensic title of the distinguished lawyer, and that it was his son, David of Balcarres, who became first Earl of Balcarres. The estate at the time included Balcarres, Balneil, Pitcorthie, and other lands, and Lord Menmuir, in 1592, obtained a charter uniting these in a free barony. He died three years after building the old house and the property

remained in the direct line of heirship of family until 1789, when, mainly owing to chivalrous adherence to the Stuarts earlier in the century, Alexander, sixth Earl of Balcarres, sold the estate to his younger brother, the Hon. Robert Lindsay of Leuchars, who had made a great fortune in the West Indies.

Meanwhile, misfortune had overtaken the family of David Lindsay of Edzell, and Burke cites the case of his descendant, another David, unquestionably head of the great house of Lindsay, as an illustration in his "Vicissitudes of Families." Ruined and broken-hearted, the last Lindsay of Edzell fled unobserved and unattended, and, losing the wreck of his fortune, landless, and homeless, he proceeded as an outcast to the



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THE EAST CROQUET LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Orkney Islands, where he spent his last days as ostler at the Kirkwall Inn.

Some years after the sixth Earl of Balcarres had sold his estate to his brother, the twenty-second Earl of Crawford, of the line of Lindsay of the Byres, died (1808), and the old title at length came to the senior line, the sixth Earl of Balcarres becoming the twenty-third Earl of Crawford. The new owner of the estate, the Hon. Robert Lindsay, lived until 1836, being succeeded by his son, General James Lindsay, M.P. for Fifeshire, who made large additions to Balcarres House, incorporating the old part with the new erection, and bringing the mansion to the state almost in which we depict it. His son, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., also made considerable additions and improvements, and then, as is very interesting to recall, sold it again in 1886 to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, so that the lands from which the title was derived came back once more to the possession of the direct representative of the first Earl of Balcarres, and of Lord Menmuir, the builder of the house.

The magnificent terraced gardens had been formed before this time. They were laid out by Mr. Robert Adamson, and

is not less attractive than the other parts of the grounds, being indeed a world of floral attraction as well as of useful products.

Having been inhabited by so many interesting people, Balcarres House must needs be an interesting place. It has, in fact, associations of many kinds, but we shall be content to mention that here was written that pathetic ballad "Auld Robin Gray." Its writer was Lady Anne Barnard, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, whose verses, as is acknowledged by learned and unlearned alike, are strong and true, and are a real pastoral, worth far more than all the dialogues of Corydon and Phyllis from the days of Theocritus downward:

"My father urged me sair,
My mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face
Till my heart was like to break."

Here is reached a height of human emotion and self-sacrifice which goes straight to the heart, speaking through the ballad form of the verse. The fact that "Auld Robin Gray" was written at Balcarres is always in the minds of those who visit



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THE WEST COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

are considered second only in Scotland to those of Drummond Castle. Their character is truly magnificent, and they make, with double and single descents, a noble approach to the quaint and beautiful box garden and the splendid circle and enclosing rectangle which are illustrated. The pictures show better than words can describe how truly noble the gardens at Balcarres are. They rank among the greatest of Scottish gardens, and their favoured situation upon the southern slope is propitious for all things that grow. The box garden, the finely cut and dense box and yew hedges, the conical box trees, and the magnificent woods are the great features of the place. The advantage of such a manner of gardening is that at every time of the year, even in the months of winter, the eye can rest upon green foliage; but the sheltered situation gives many advantages to the gardener, and the beds are full of flowers. Tub gardening is resorted to extensively, and effects are attained not to be surpassed, and, when the frosts of winter come, the tender trees can be removed. A wealth of flowers, and the charm of the well-kept formal garden, are the chief attractions of the immediate surroundings of Balcarres. Natural beauty must be sought, as we have suggested, in the old woodlands, and up at the Craig, whence the view is truly superb. But the situation has favoured many kinds of gardening, and the kitchen garden

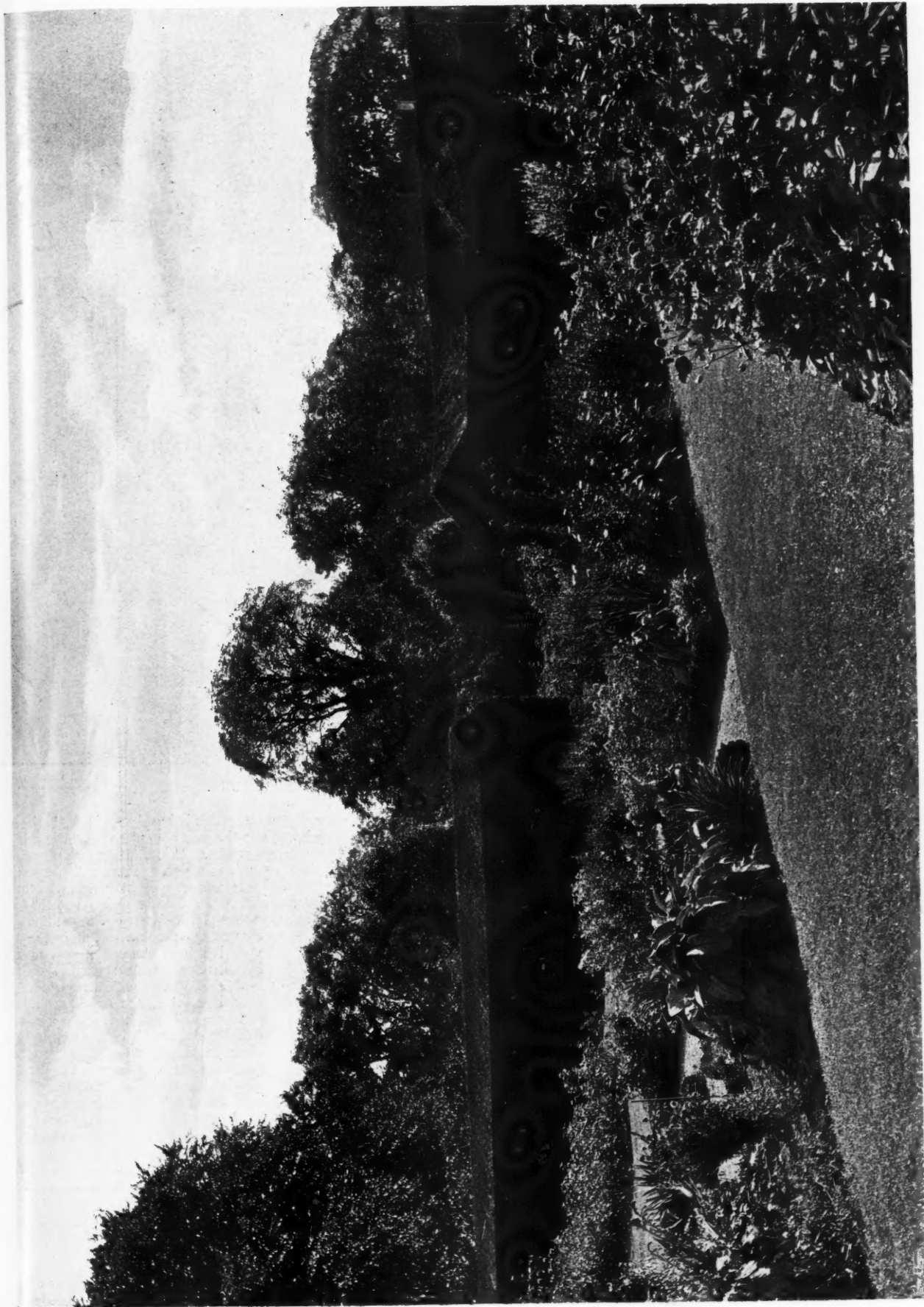
the stately abode, and it lends a further attraction to the beautiful scenes which are spread around.

A MOUNTAIN.

CHARACTER is sometimes defined as the settled qualities of a thing; but beautiful, fascinating, capricious Frau, experience decides that a settled unsettledness best describes her character. When first we saw her, her feet were shod in corn-marigolds and spurrey. She wore a petticoat of furze and bracken; climbing about her steep knees were little lads, gathering the bracken into huge bundles, which they set rolling down a precipice into the valley below.

The Frau seemed to smile on these young toilers, the air was fragrant with the scent of the wild raspberries she grew to refresh their parched lips. We clambered past her scarlet girdle of rowans, and were suddenly drenched in the Frau's angry tears, the rest of the world, as far as eye could reach, being bathed in golden sunshine.

After this first essay many were the attempts to see the



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE KITCHEN GARDEN AT BALCARRES.

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Frau's stony heart and look at her face to face. But she would have none of us. She had a trait peculiar to mountains, being many feet longer than high. She was shorter than Snowdon; and yet we have walked miles on her and not reached the top. Alas! we never reached the top. Once we climbed higher than we had ever been, skirting many a false head of the mountain, when we came upon a beauty of the Frau hitherto unseen by us—namely, green lengths of the stag-moss. We were trying who could find the longest spray, when the Frau resented the liberties we were taking; she hurtled large hailstones at us, umbrellas were broken, crowns and brims of hats parted company, and we returned to our homes in rags and tags, like the beggars coming to town.

Another time hope sang in our hearts, so nearly had we

reached the top. Dressed in the nearest approach to bathing-gowns and shawls that custom permits, we feared neither wind nor rain. We had successfully crossed a bog, a new delightful revelation of the Frau, covered with snowy plumes of cotton-grass, and had only one precipitous ridge to travel over before reaching the Frau's proud crest. Of course, she began to cry, but we cared not, and walked boldly on. Then she played her winning trick: she hid herself in clouds of mist, and sent waves of it rolling towards us. The young and ardent amongst us would fain have gone on, nothing daunted; but the voice of prudence prevailed. To be lost on the Frau was not to be desired, so again we had to retreat. But when next the fascination of the Frau draws us to her feet, may she be the vanquished one.

W. S.

THE NORBURY PARK SHIRE STUD.

As a breeder of Shire horses, Mr. Leopold Salomons's success has exploded the old fallacy that Surrey is not adapted for rearing heavy horses. It has frequently been asserted that the pastures do not give the necessary bone and substance. The experience of Mr. Salomons is an exact contradiction of this. When he began breeding in 1895, his intention was only to improve the draught horses used on the farm, but the produce turned out so well that he could scarcely help exhibiting, and thus he was led on to establish the fine stud which we have the pleasure of illustrating. Norbury Park Estate is not only in Surrey, but is highly characteristic of the county. Indeed, it is one of the most beautiful bits. The house, shrouded and sheltered in beautiful woods, overlooks the valley, or rather dale, of the Mole, with the famous Surrey hills, with white chalky paths and pleasant woodlands, rising on either side; and it is a house one is tempted to linger in, to the neglect of Shire horses. It was built for Mr. Lock, a natural son of George II., and one day we hope to devote a separate article to its unique decorations and the many objects of interest it contains. For in the eighteenth century Norbury Park was a favourite meeting-place of painters and wits and people of consequence. What was gathered and left behind then has been carefully treasured and added to, with great taste and judgment, by the present owner, so that fine works of Reynolds and Romney hang side by side with choice examples of the best schools of French, Italian, and Dutch art. Outside, the gardens and arbours and trees are well in keeping with this



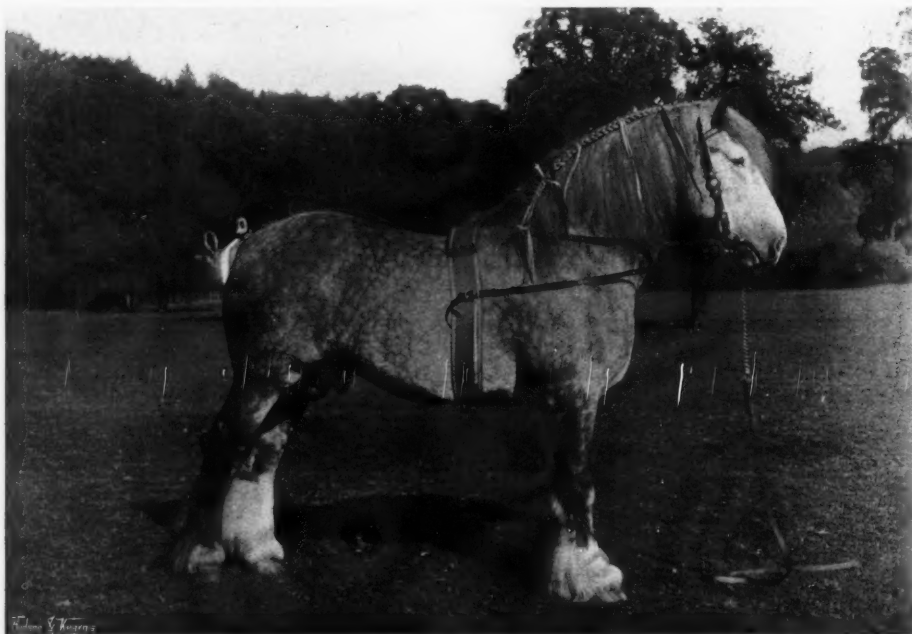
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HENDRE MERRY LASS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fine interior, a touch of old tradition being shown in the herbaceous borders and box edging, and the best of modern teaching exemplified in the general arrangement. It is one of those places near London, yet exquisitely rural, in which one naturally forgets that the roar of a great town is almost within hearing. But our "almost" means a great deal, for at our visit the most pronounced sounds were those of a belated cuckoo still singing, though his tune was changed, and the wild laugh of the yaffle, who makes a favourite haunt of this portion of Surrey—these and the welcome wind. The carriage road climbs a good 500ft. before the house is reached, and even in the burning days of July a pleasant breeze sighs in the heavy foliage and sways the roses that clamber by the windows.

At the foot of the hill the Shire stud is kept, but it has been found necessary to take another farm about five miles off, at Betchworth, for the purpose of providing extra pasturage. There the yearlings and some of the two year olds are kept at grass. The foundation of the stud consisted of two mares purchased in 1895 from Sir Walter Gilbey. One of these, *Salon Gem*, turned out to be an exceptionally good brood mare, as she is the dam of Norbury Harold, Norbury Dane, and several other prize-winners. She was at grass during our visit, and is a massive roomy mare, likely enough to produce many good foals yet. It was her success that induced Mr. Salomons to build up the stud. He began to show in 1898, and during the autumn of that year some purchases were made at Mr. F. Ward's sale at Sleaford, and



Parrell.

NORBURY DANE.

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MARES AND FOALS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

several mares were bought privately. In 1900 more acquisitions were obtained at the London Shire Horse Show, where, among others, Real Gem and Scarcliffe Meteor were added to the stud.

The magnificent stallion, Hendre Champion, was bought at Mr. Crisp's sale at Girton. He is as good a stud horse as one could wish to see. When photographed he was not in show form, that is to say, he was not so fat as he might have been, so that he did not give that impression of massiveness which he might otherwise have done. But it is very doubtful if any real gain can be traced to the fashion which

demand that when a horse is shown he should carry a maximum of flesh, which would really unfit him for stud duties. It will be seen that Hendre Champion is in the bloom of perfect health, and that in feet, legs, bone, and top he is the model of what a Shire stallion should be. He is also a good mover, and in every way worthy of the many distinctions he has won. His year was 1900, though as far back as 1898 he had been first in Shropshire; but in 1900 he was first at Ashbourn, first and champion at Oxford, first and reserve for championship at the Bath and West, first at Leicester, first and reserve champion at the Royal Counties, and first and champion at Hereford and Worcester—a fine record for twelve months. In 1901 he was second at the London Shire Horse Show and first at Peterborough.

Norbury Harold, out of Saxon Gem, by Markeaton Harold, is a living proof that the highest class of Shire stallion can be built up from the Surrey pastures. He is a splendid specimen of the Harold type of horse, and has had his merits recognised by being first at Reigate, Tunbridge Wells, and Hastings respectively in 1901, third at the Shire Horse Show at London, second at the Royal Counties, and first at Reigate in 1902. In every way correct, he ought to prove a valuable stock-getting horse. Norbury Dane, who is travelled among the Surrey farms and producing a marked effect

on their stock, was second at the International Horse Show at Paris in 1900, and has won several other prizes. He is a type of horse that might be used with good results by farmers with well-bred mares, some of whom, blind to the experience of their shrewder neighbours, go on hiring cheap, weedy stallions, the produce of which could hardly by any chance be worth anything, while a stallion of the Norbury Dane stamp is certain to leave behind him foals that are useful, and may be a great deal more.

It needs to be stated that the mares were photographed exactly as they were grazing, and were in no way prepared for having their likenesses taken. Nor are we able to show the very best. They were taken on a hot, blister-

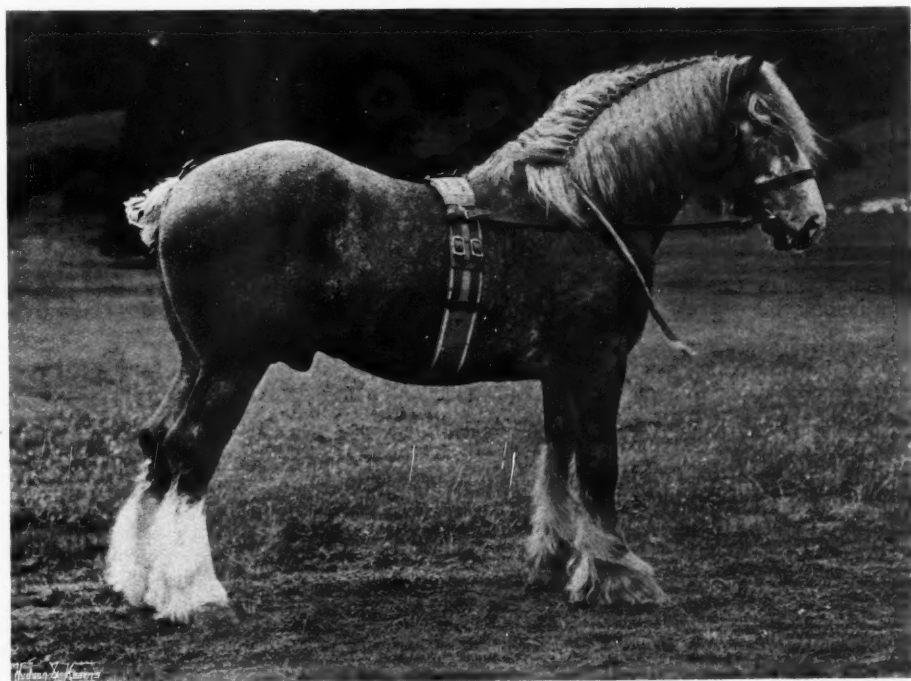
ing day in July, when the flies were extremely troublesome, with the consequence that the mares were very restless, and moved and swished their tails to an extent that ruined the result artistically. Of those on show, Ruby Glimpse is a filly of very good quality, though somewhat lacking in substance, purchased at the King's sale. She is by Mr. Beck's favourite stallion Calwich Blaze, and in 1901 won a first and the Shire Horse Society's gold medal at the Norfolk Show, and was commended in a very strong class at the London Shire Horse Show. She ought to prove a valuable brood

mare, and a useful addition to the stud. Of the two handsome grey fillies taken together, the first—Norbury Bliss—is by Norbury Dane, and distinguished herself both at London and



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NORBURY BLISS AND NORBURY GEM. "COUNTRY LIFE."



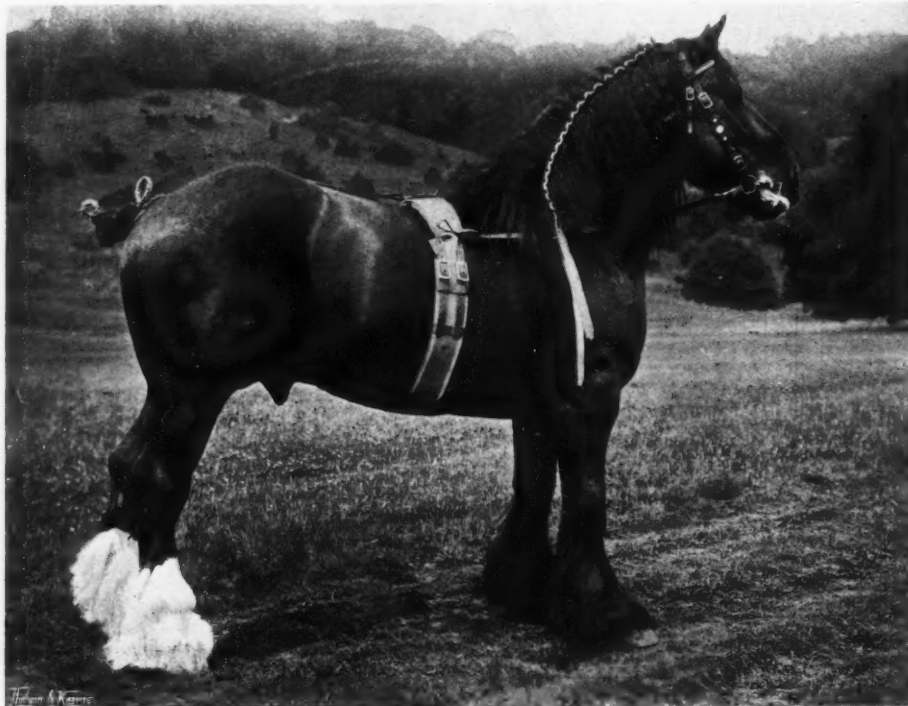
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NORBURY HAROLD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Reading, while she was second in her class at Reigate. The other—Norbury Gem—is by Markeaton Royal Harold, and was first at Reigate.

The group of mares and foals is a very interesting one. It contains Saxon Gem, already referred to as the mother of the stud, with a filly foal by Hendre Baronet at her feet; Real Gem, by the celebrated Stroxtan Tom, her filly foal being by Mr. Henderson's crack Markeaton Royal Harold; Southernwood Echo, by Lord Arthur—this mare was a purchase from Sandringham, and her foal is by the King's well-known stallion, Benedict;



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HENDRE CHAMPION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and Scarcliffe Meteor, a Harold mare, with a colt by Nailstone Cœur de Lion. Such mares are well calculated to breed foals that would do credit to any stud of Shire horses in the Kingdom.

It may be interesting to add a few words about the estate, which consists of about 1,000 acres, very equally divided between arable, pasture, and woodland. Mr. Salomons has not yet taken up with any kind of pedigree stock except Shire horses, and the farming is conducted to suit them. For dairy purposes there is, however, an extremely good-looking and well-bred herd of Jerseys, which could easily be made fit for exhibition if the owner's ambition lay that way. At present they are only used to supply the household with milk and butter. However, an extremely pretty and well-planned dairy has been built. The exterior was photographed, and we hope to show it one of these days, which will be done with all the more pleasure because we understand the actual building was carried out by a local man, who had not previously attempted anything of exactly the same kind. Altogether one would describe the place as a pleasure farm of the highest class, and we may be, perhaps, forgiven for adding that the pleasure to the owner is certainly not greater than that of the labouring people, who have obtained from Mr. and Mrs. Salomons much employment and unvarying kindness.

WILD . . . COUNTRY LIFE.

A RABBIT EATING NETTLES.

THE other day, after a heavy shower of rain, I watched a rabbit eating nettles. He seemed to be careful to take the blade of each leaf flat in his mouth; but there could be no doubt that he was enjoying his meal, as he went round and round the nettle disposing of leaf after leaf. I was surprised by this, because when a wood is infested by rabbits, you will generally find that all the pretty undergrowth of mixed wild plants, which make an English wood so delightful a place to loiter in, gradually gives place to a rank jungle of the few plants which are not

to the rabbits' taste, and among these one of the commonest and least welcome is the nettle. This objectionable plant needs good ground to flourish in—indeed, farmers will say that they would not give a penny for land where no nettles grow; but the fact that where the soil suits them nettles become rampantly luxuriant in "rabbit woods" would seem to show that the plant is "protected" from the rabbit. Yet here was a rabbit eating nettles with great gusto and of deliberate choice.

NETTLES IN WOODS.

A little consideration of the problem suggested by these seemingly contradictory facts brought to light a third fact—namely, that this preponderance of the nettle in the haunts of the rabbit occurs only, as a rule, in woods, and that whereas a patch of nettles in a field, or in a wood which is not rabbit-haunted, always exhibits a pesilient tendency to spread broad in all directions, you cannot usually tell that a rabbit wood is full of nettles until you have passed the fence and landed in the middle of their rank growth, perhaps 5 ft. high. The nettles, in fact, seem to regard the margin of a rabbit wood as a sort of sacred barrier beyond which they cannot spread. Why is this? Evidently because the rabbits eat them when they grow outside. And why do the rabbits, where they abound, exterminate only those nettles which grow in the open? Because there the plants get "renched" with every shower of rain, and when the leaves are wet the rabbit can eat them with impunity, as I had seen. This line of reasoning may or may not be correct, but it reconciles satisfactorily facts that otherwise seem contradictory—namely, why nettles flourish exceedingly in sheltered places where rabbits abound, although a rabbit will eat them in the open when he can.

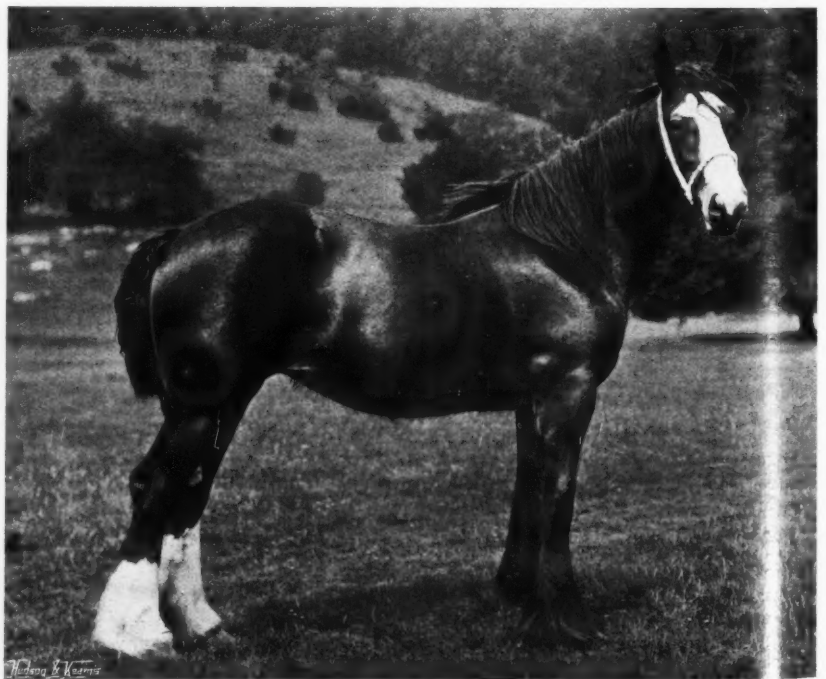
PROTECTED VEGETABLES.

That the nettle is a wholesome and edible vegetable everyone who has tasted it will admit, and another proof of its excellence may be seen in the eagerness with which crows come to eat the dry wreckage of a nettle patch that has been mown down and left to wither where it fell. Thus, in their several ways, both rabbits and crows have discovered when they can eat nettles with impunity. But, after all, we need not appeal to rabbits or crows, nor even to the experiment of our own taste, to know that a nettle is good to eat. It would not in past ages have needed to perfect its elaborate mechanism of stinging hairs except for the purpose of protection against browsing mammals. Indeed, we

may take it as a general rule that whatever in Nature is protected by thorns or spines or stings is eatable.

THE HAWTHORN'S DEFENCE.

Yet all parts of a plant do not possess the same properties, and, to avoid mistakes, it is well to notice which part is specially protected in order to know which is edible. The thorns of the common hawthorn, for instance, are manifestly inadequate to protect its leaves. Any animal could browse upon the shoots of a hawthorn hedge without being much incommoded by the young thorns; but what boy who has taken birds' eggs cannot recollect the painful process of getting his hand into the middle of a thorn bush? No matter how carefully he insinuated it between the matted branches, it was very rarely withdrawn without several scratches and pricks which were rather painful for some



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RUBY GLIMPSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

time afterwards. Obviously the part of the hawthorn which needs protection is the inner branches, for the leaves have little defence from their few tender thorns, and the trunk of the old hawthorn has none at all. The fact is that while the leaves and green twigs seem to be adequately protected by their taste or smell and the old bark by its dryness, the smooth brown bark of the branches would be gnawed off by mammals in winter if it were not guarded by interlacing defences of thorned twigs. Proof of this you may see where hawthorns growing by the side of a stream spread out their branches low over the surface of the water; for wherever the water voles can easily climb the bark will be completely nibbled away and the branches killed. It is probably from failure to notice such little distinctions as these—between the nettle wet and dry, or the green twig and brown branch of the hawthorn—that so many differences of opinion exist as to what plants are immune to rabbits or other mammals or what are not.

"UNNATURAL" DIET.

Indeed, the food and tastes of wild creatures are always surprising one. Poultry and game birds, for instance, seem always ready to eat any helpless small bird or mammal which they may discover; and a partridge has been surprised by a meal of partridge chick. All birds that haunt the water-side—ducks, moorhens, and herons—seem ready to eat small birds as frogs or fish, and few birds which habitually feed upon living things, in the shape of worms and grubs or winged insects, seem able to resist the temptation of a callow nestling if such falls in their way. Neither singing thrush nor laughing woodpecker appears to have any weight upon its conscience after it has killed and swallowed a baby robin or tree-creeper. A straddling, sprawling, naked birdlet looks so like an insect in many respects that the transition from natural to—as it seems to us—unnatural diet must be easy enough.

CASUAL AND PROFESSIONAL NEST-ROBBERS.

And, after all, why should we deem it more unnatural for a thrush to eat a newly-hatched robin than to eat a snail? The thrush has to do the best it can for itself in the struggle for existence, and a young bird must be at least as nutritious as any mollusc of its size. Probably the reason why we so seldom catch a thrush in the act of what looks like cannibalism, is merely that the old robins and other parents of little birds are too watchful and pugnacious. Of course, in a stand-up fight a thrush could easily vanquish a robin; but in defence of their young both of the smaller parents would fight desperately, and the thrush would at any rate receive some injuries. In the struggle for existence it is not worth while for any creature to court injuries in his choice of food. So we find that the professional nest-robbers among birds, such as jays, magpies, jackdaws, crows, and, in recent years, rooks, are all birds with bill-power adequate to parrying the attacks of infuriated parents, if they should be surprised in the act.

ACQUIRED HABITS OF CRIME.

Among smaller insect-eating birds, however, we see how easily any species slides into the habit of assassination when it acquires the means of crime. The great tit gained its chisel beak no doubt by centuries of success in digging insects out of wood. Now he uses it to break open nuts and the skulls of other small

birds, for the sake of the kernels of one and the brains of the other. In the butcher-bird, again, we see how bill and claws, improved by generations of exercise in seizing, holding, and tearing to pieces large insects, are now perverted to the habitual capture and dismemberment of small birds and voles. Yet you have only to note the awkwardness of the butcher-bird with such heavy prey to see that this form of hunting is comparatively new to him. He is in fact in a state of transition, changing from a mere insect-eater to a bird of prey.

BUTCHER-BIRD AND FLY-CATCHER.

For the butcher-bird proclaims in every action his affinity to the gentle fly-catcher. His motions are the same, and his flight often identical. He has the same weakness for sitting on telegraph wires that the fly-catcher has for croquet hoops, each being suited in range to the character of the quarry watched for. Both sit in the same attitude, both move their tails alike, the young of both are very similarly coloured; both hop when on the ground, to look for a lost fly, instead of walking or running like other insect-eating birds, such as swallows or wagtails; and, above all, both have the same sort of language. Indeed, the note which is variously rendered by different birds as "chuck," "check," "chak," "chok," or "chit," and gives names to many, such as the woodchat, stonechat, whinchat, and haychat (or whitethroat), indicates the close relationship of a large class of birds.

THE "CHAK" LANGUAGE.

Taking the fly-catcher, with its note, "wee-chick! wee-chick!" that you hear on every side at this season of the year, as the type, you can trace its language easily in one direction through the various cries of whinchat, wheatear, and stonechat, most deliberate with its "wee, chak-chak." In another direction, from the whitethroat's "check, check," you can follow it through all the various dialects of the warbler tribes. In a third direction it passes through the different intonations of the shrikes from the simple "chack, chack" of the butcher-bird. Yet again, you may find it in the warbler-like croak of the nightingale, in the "chit-chit" of the robin, the "chuck" of the thrush, the "chok-chok-chok" or "chink-chink-chink" of the blackbird, the "chack-chack-chack" of the fieldfare, and so on to the "chak" of the jackdaw, to the cry which gives the chough its name, the chattering voice of the magpie, and the harsher or hoarser notes of jay, rook, and crow.

COMMON ANCESTRAL TASTES.

Thus, as accurately as from anatomy, you may classify and graduate this large family of birds by their use of one common word alone. And all of them, you will observe, eat insects, while those which are large enough eat bigger prey. It is all a matter of size and strength; and therefore when woodpecker, thrush, great tit, or butcher-bird, finds itself strong enough to kill another bird *with impunity* and eat it, wholly or in part, why should we regard the act as unnatural and the meal as cannibal? Nature has no abstract ethics. In the struggle for existence everything must bow to the good of the species concerned, and the whole gist of the matter lies in the words italicised above. The best food that a bird can procure *with impunity*, that is the most natural for it to eat.

E. K. R.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN *The Virginian, A Horseman of the Plains*, by Owen Wister, the reader will find emphatically the best work done up to the present time by an American writer who has already produced much that is excellent, and will, I feel quite convinced, produce more and possibly even better books. It is one of the few volumes that have come into my hands for a long time which has spoiled a night's rest by keeping me reading imprudently first and thinking admiringly afterwards. To sum it up, it is an Idyll of the Plains; a full-blooded idyll with nothing Arcadian in it, save Arcadianism upon the heroic and Homeric scale; a story of love and adventure, not too much of the former and abundance of the latter, which makes the sluggish blood of the over-civilised man course faster than usual; and last, but by no means least, it contains a complete picture of a strong and romantic life which has passed away for ever, furnished with portraits of men and women which are instinct with life and quaintness.

The narrator is a Tenderfoot, a stranger to the plains and to their wild life, and a modest man withal, which, when you come to think of it, is a rare virtue even in narrators who are themselves the product of the imagination. There are imaginary tale-tellers who do great deeds by the score, there are the like who are flagrant cowards and nauseatingly proud of the white livers with which Providence and their makers' pens have endowed them. Mr. Neil Munro has produced some of these last. But the story-teller who simply subordinates himself is a considerably rarer bird than a black swan here, or a white one in West Australia. Our narrator here is simply an occasional visitor from the Eastern States to the ranche of Judge Henry, a visitor who makes himself out to be a simple fellow and a foolish, but proves himself, or rather his maker, Mr. Wister, to be a close and delicate observer of scenery, of character, and of incidents. Descriptions of scenery are not overdone, but they are not under-painted either; and the latter is far the worse fault; for when the novelist excites the reader's interest and takes his mind into the grip of the story, so that he hurries on anxiously, descriptions of scenery can be passed over in the knowledge that they can be returned to later, so that the whole picture may be realised and enjoyed. That, I confess, is the method which has been employed by me in reading this book. I grew to admire the Southerner, the dashing cowboy who is the hero, and the

"schoolmarm," so daintily coy and proud, and yet so full of grit and courage, and it seemed impossible to linger over passages of exquisite description while it was yet uncertain whether in their many trials all would eventually go well with them. But, then, after anxious curiosity had been satisfied, it was a new joy to go back and to see how completely the whole of every scene had been painted in from the moment when the Tenderfoot was landed at Medicine Bow without his trunk and with a drive of 263 miles (which is treated as nothing) before him, to that at which the "schoolmarm" from the East introduces her husband, the Southerner aforesaid, to her for the most part painfully respectable family in Bennington, Vermont. If the descriptions had not been there, it is clear, although those who complain occasionally of the length of a novel appear to be blind to this obvious fact, that this process of returning to fill in details would not have been possible. In a word, this book of 500 and more fairly solid pages is not only full of personal excitement, but also a piece of conscientious work, and that, in these days, is rare, save when Mrs. Humphry Ward or Mr. Meredith set themselves to work. Beyond that *The Virginian* is full of the raciest humour savouring of the soil, which is never the case in Mrs. Ward's books, and it is always quite easy to follow, which is not invariably the case when Mr. Meredith sets himself to tell a story.

To summarise this particular story, even in a very few words, so that one may be forgiven for leaving out a hundred striking scenes, is a difficult task; but to attempt to enter into detail would be to plunge into a quicksand, for there is no waste stuff in this book. The Virginian, then, commonly called the Southerner, is a demigod among the cowboys; he comes under the influence of the "schoolmarm," a genuinely sweet girl from the East, whose parents have fallen from their respectable fortunes; and he is civilised and humanised without losing the manly qualities which make him a demigod among the cowboys; he has numerous adventures before marriage; he excels in every manly accomplishment and in the art of merciless chaff or badinage, which was clearly held in the highest esteem among that strange community; and in the end all goes right. That is the story; but having written thus much I am appalled, first at the apparent presumption which went before the summary, next at the difficulty of choosing between many features of the book,

with a view to give some indication of its varied charm, when, in all justice, they ought to be given in their entirety. If a quart may not be poured into a pint pot, how much less shall a cask be contained in a wineglass?

The Southerner is so puzzlingly complete a man. None could rope a pony as he could; none, except the wretched "Shorty" (whose one redeeming point was his fondness for animals), could "gentle" a horse so surely; he was brave, modest, a born master of men, constant in purpose; he began to read under the tuition of his love, and his comments on the great writers were simply delicious in their shrewd simplicity and strength; he could hang a horse-stealer who was the friend of his youth, and sorrow over it; he could shoot his would-be murderer and lifelong enemy when he knew that by so doing he would most likely deprive himself of his life's happiness; above all, he could play the game of badinage as no man has ever played it before or since. Any miniature of him that I should attempt to draw must necessarily be an abject failure, for he was really an Admirable Crichton of the Plains, and perhaps the safest thing to do with this book would be to say that it is, like the life of strong men, a series of episodes, some of which compel Homeric laughter, while others excite wondering admiration, and others, again, cause an almost painful feeling of anxiety and suspense. But that will not quite serve the purpose, and so, with a further warning that the book appeals to all the nobler emotions and feelings, let me attempt to do something like justice to one of the most genuinely funny scenes that ever was penned.

The Virginian, having just been made foreman of the ranche after a splendid exploit (from the cowboy point of view), had resolved to get rid of a denunciatory missionary, who, to the horror of all concerned, proposed to spend a week at the ranche. A few sentences are omitted merely for the sake of space:

"The Virginian's room was quiet and dark; and that Dr. MacBride slumbered was plainly audible to me, even before I entered. . . . Sleep came to me fairly soon. . . . I was awakened by my bed's being jolted . . . and it was the quiet voice of the Virginian that told me he was sorry to have accidentally disturbed me. . . . He was not wearing much, and in the darkness he seemed taller than common. I next made out that he was bending over Dr. MacBride. The divine at last sprang upright.

"I am armed," he said. "Take care. Who are you?"

"You can lay down your gun, seh. I feel like my spirit was going to bear witness. I feel like I might get an enlightening."

"He was using some of the missionary's own language. . . . The Doctor got out of bed, lighted his lamp, and found a book. They retired into the Virginian's room, where I could hear the exhortations as I lay amazed. In time the Doctor returned, blew out his lamp, and settled himself. I had been very much awake, but was nearly gone to sleep again, when the door creaked, and the Virginian stood by the Doctor's side."

"Are you awake, seh?"

"What? What's that? What is it?"

"Excuse me, seh. The enemy is winning on me. I'm feeling less inward opposition to sin."

The lamp was lighted, and I listened to some further exhortations. They must have taken half-an-hour. When the Doctor was in bed again I thought I heard him sigh. . . . It was the lamp in my eyes that now waked me as he came back for the third time from the Virginian's room. Before blowing the light out he looked at his watch, and thereupon I enquired the hour of him.

"Three," said he.

"I could not sleep any more now, and I lay watching the darkness. 'I'm afeared to be alone,' said the Virginian's voice presently in the next room. 'I'm afeared.' There was a short pause, and then he shouted very loud, 'I'm losin' my desire afteh the sincere milk of the Word!'"

"What? What's that? What?" The Doctor's cot gave a great crack as he started up listening, and I put my face deep in the pillow.

"I'm afeared! I'm afeared! Sin has quit being bitter in my belly."

"Courage, my good man." The Doctor was out of bed with his lamp again, and the door shut behind him. Between them they made it long this time. . . . But although the cold light that I lay staring at through the window warmed and changed, the Doctor continued working hard over his patient in the next room. Only a word here and there was distinct, but it was plain from the Virginian's fewer remarks that the sin in his belly was alarming him less. Yes, they made this time long. . . . I had been about seven hours in my bed, and the Doctor had been about seven out of his. . . . 'You'll be going to breakfast and the ladies, seh, pretty soon, but I'll worry through the day somehow without yu. And to-night you can turn your wolf loose on me again.'"

Then the Tenderfoot exploded, and after a while the Virginian followed suit, and the Doctor, after trying to be dignified in his red drawers, packed his valise and drove off in his little old buggy. Is that delicious, or is it not? My regrets are only that I have been compelled to curtail it, and that it may be misunderstood as a sample of the general character of one of the finest and most virile, as well as funniest, books of the time.

CYGNUS.

INTO one far too frequent mistake I should never have suspected the *Fortnightly* of being likely to fall; yet it has fallen. The first article, which is anonymous, so that the author is beyond the reach of gentle rebuke (although the editor is not), is entitled "Amurath to Amurath," and has reference to the fact that Mr. Balfour has succeeded his uncle, Lord Salisbury, as Prime Minister. "Amurath to Amurath succeeds, and Cecil to Cecil." This, if the writer did but know what his words mean, would be a little hard on the Cecil family, even if it were written by the author of the famous

phrase "Hotel Cecil." The original Shakespearean (or Baconian) phrase is "not Amurath an (not 'to') Amurath succeeds, but Harry, Harry." It was used by Harry of Monmouth to hearten his relatives when he succeeded to the throne, the reference being to a certain Turkish Sultan, rejoicing in the name of Amurath, who followed the pretty practice of his country by murdering all those kinsmen and others whom he thought to be a menace to the stability of his sovereignty. Every school-boy ought to know this, and a good many schoolboys do know it. The article itself is a sober appreciation of Lord Salisbury, of whom the writer thinks that "it is questionable whether England, with the single exception of Pitt, ever had a greater Foreign Minister." Of the other articles, one by Captain Mahan and Mr. John D. Long (ex-Secretary of the U.S.A. Navy), on Rear-Admiral William D. Sampson, is sure to attract attention. Mr. Long's view is that Admiral Sampson died with, not of, a broken heart, having been inadequately rewarded for services to the State which, because he would not blow his own trumpet, were overlooked. Captain Mahan does not worry over this, which after all does not matter now, but gives a sketch of his personal friend, the raw country youth who rose to be a great commander, who is very impressive. "Disregardful of all but the necessity of success, he was heedless of personal danger, and daring in professional risk." Our naval officers, it is believed, are all this; our military officers the first but not the last. "The mastery which the service had over his interests and affections, united to entire self-mastery in temper and under responsibility, insured his eminence as an officer, which history will unquestionably recognize and affirm." Such an epitaph, pronounced by a man of such authority in matters naval, is worth all the empty honours in the world.

A number of people admire Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck, and I am sometimes among them; but it would not be polite to express my opinion of the opening paragraph of his article, again in the *Fortnightly*, entitled "The Future of the Future"; so the paragraph is given to afford others an opportunity of being polite to him or of crushing me:

"It is, in certain respects, quite incomprehensible that we should not know the future. Probably a mere nothing, the displacement of a cerebral lobe, the resetting of Broca's convolution in a different manner, the addition of a slender network of nerves to those which form our consciousness; any one of these would be enough to make the future unfold itself before us with the same clearness, the same majestic amplitude as that with which the past is displayed on the horizon, not only of our individual life, but also of the life of the species to which we belong. A singular infirmity, a curious limitation of our intellect, causes us not to know what is going to happen to us, when we are fully aware of what has befallen us. From the absolute point of view to which our imagination succeeds in rising, although it cannot live there, there is no reason why we should not see that which does not yet exist, considering that that which does not yet exist in its relation to us must necessarily have its being already and manifest itself somewhere. If not, it would have to be said that, where Time is concerned, we form the centre of the world, that we are the only witnesses for whom events wait so that they may have the right to appear and to count in the eternal history of causes and effects. It would be as absurd to assert this for Time as it would be for Space, that other not quite so incomprehensible form of the two-fold infinite mystery in which our whole life floats."

I go on with the *Fortnightly* because for this week in a year of Bank Holidays it is necessary to write these notes earlier than usual, and the other magazines have not all of them come. All lovers of Nature will rejoice in an article, full of birds and fishes and the open air, from the hand of the late William Black; and there is a great deal of sound sense in Mr. Walter Sichel's "Some Phases of Fiction." "Short and strong is now our motto," he says, and, while he is among the most devoted admirers of Mr. Anthony Hope, he does not hesitate to lay him under the lash for being, especially in "Quisante," jerky and inconclusive, for yielding to the temptation to endow his characters with "cues" and tricks of expression. May, in "Quisante," "must smile thirty times in the single volume. She is the 'Cheshire Cat' of heroines." "The old romance was ante-nuptial; the modern romance is post-nuptial." That strikes me as being a peculiarly happy phrase, and the whole article is eminently worth reading.

Two pieces in the August *Cornhill* are specially noteworthy. The first, "Humpty Dumpty," by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, who once contributed a serial story to *COUNTRY LIFE*, is not, as might be feared from the title, a political squib, but a rattling good story, up to date, full of life, and perfectly clean. The other, which is entitled "The True Ordering of Gardens," is by Mr. E. Kay Robinson. It is admirably written, but, as is frequently the case when a garden-lover thinks he has a gospel to preach, wanting in catholicity of taste. He is hard on Bacon's "glorified tea-garden," and I confess that his series of arches, "upon pillars of carpenter's work," each crowned by "a little turret with belly enough to contain a cage of birds," would be a little irritating. But, given space for all kinds of gardening, "the little low hedges, round like welts, with some pretty pyramids" and the "fair mount" would not be without their charm. Next he runs amok against the existence of flower-beds, which I rather like, as he admits that nineteen persons out of twenty do. But he talks a great deal of sense, that is to say, he makes many remarks with which I agree, also. "Don't give servants, boys, or dogs an excuse for making a short cut" is the effect of part of his teaching. "Use fruit trees for ornament" is that of another; "Let your rambling roses ramble," that of another. But, above all, one must have no borders or flower-beds. I could find it in my heart, perhaps, to agree with Mr. Kay Robinson, if he had condescended to define a border or a flower-bed. To me either consists in the earth in which flowers grow, as distinguished on the one hand from the paths on which men walk, and on the other hand from the grass in which some flowers, and some only, will thrive. But as the article stands it is valuable mainly because it contains some useful, but not always novel, hints, and for the rest it has the sin of vagueness.

The most interesting article in the *Badminton* is that on sport at the beginning of the last century, principally on shooting at Cheveley and elsewhere, by the Marquess of Granby. To this "Rapiet" gives point by comparing with the modest bags of the early part of the century one of four days' shooting at Cheveley in 1895, when 2,585 pheasants, 372 partridges, 557 hares, 49 rabbits, and 50 "various" fell to the gun. This was in no sense a record bag, but it was better than the one pheasant, one hare, and one woodcock killed by the Duke of Rutland, Mr. T. Thornon, and Mr. George Bramwell on January 4th, 1804. Lord Granby makes strong and interesting allusion to the superior keenness about working for their sport shown by our forefathers.

Matthew Arnold, by Herbert W. Paul (Macmillan), is the latest addition to the "English Men of Letters" series. It contains a brief but sufficient life, and a critical and scholarlike estimate of a critic and a scholar by one who was,

until recently, one of the "young lions," to use Matthew Arnold's own phrase, of the Press; but of the *Daily News*, not of the *Daily Telegraph*. It would be pleasant to write an essay on Matthew Arnold here, but it must suffice to quote a just passage from Mr. Paul, who is, indeed, exactly the man for the task. "Matthew Arnold's literary criticism, once regarded by young enthusiasts as a revelation, has long since taken a secure place in English letters. . . . It has original and intrinsic value. It is penetrating as well as brilliant, conscientious as well as imaginative. . . . Few critics have been so thoroughly original, and still fewer have had so large a share of the 'dæmonic' faculty, the faculty which awakens intelligent enthusiasm in others. *Essays in Criticism* is one of the indispensable books."

A *Double-barrelled Detective Story*, by Mark Twain (Chatto and Windus), is excellent fooling up to a point, and then it becomes poor stuff. The moment of degeneration is that at which Sherlock Holmes is introduced and Mark Twain sets himself to work to ridicule his methods. It has been done much better before; but the book had clearly got thus far before the author found that this particular kind of parody was not in his power, and it would have been a pity to waste what was already written.

The Great Awakening, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Ward, Lock). Worth reading, but not strong enough to stand reflection upon; weird in conception. This is the verdict on a book based upon the idea that a clever surgeon, by use of drugs and the knife, could destroy a woman's memory of scenes and persons, leaving her able to read and write and remember her favourite authors.

The latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's Thackeray is the *Paris Sketch Book* and the *Irish Sketch Book*. Readers know all about them, and the sound quality of the edition has been sufficiently indicated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WANTED AN EXPLANATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "P. F. W.," whose letter was published in your issue of July 26th, it may interest him to know that another of your readers has a tree which frequently behaves in the way described, except for the noise, and has done so for many years. It does not appear to have any particular period nor assignable cause. But at the moment of writing (11 a.m.) it must have just stopped, for the branch is still moist, and the stone balustrade, on which I regret to say the water falls, is quite wet with it. In this case the water has a brownish tinge.—G. W. H., Ryde.

THE SHADE OF SUSAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The feminine world at present is very much exercised on the subject of lady helps, that new species sprung up which tries to usurp those early foundations of domestic life, the cook and housemaid. My sympathies are not with the modern device, however much their trials call for a deliverer to expose the carefully-wrought-out scheme of imprisonment and treadmill that the mistress of to-day has prepared for the subjugation of her who is styled "lady help." My heart turns to the age of gold, when the equality of Jill with her mistress would have been as foreign an idea to our minds as to Squire Bracebridge. Looking back, there seems no fairer image than that presented by the hardy, blooming general of old, who accomplished everything that presented itself in a household, and when amiable was a respected treasure of the children. The one I think of was an absorbing interest of my younger days. Particularly I admired her on scrubbing days. Then she showed her various talents at their highest, and scrubbed a large kitchen, singing always the same song, that kept tune with the motion of the brush, and sometimes droned above it. All I remember now throws a glamour both over Susan and her unromantic occupation. "There was a fair girl sat in a greenwood shade, Listening to the music that the spring birds made." Kept in reserve the rest of the week, scrubbing day never dawned but saw produced this melody. Possibly being so long without expression made it gain in passion when the time and the place were prepared for its sole opportunity. Thus the words were imprinted on my brain, though lack of a musical understanding has unfortunately caused the tune to escape. When she went home for a week end, she, without fail, returned with the new clothes she had got for the visit exceedingly tattered from the embraces, presumably, of her rough relations or their disagreements. "Oh, Susan!" we said, "look at your good dress." She would lit up the skirt, eyeing it scornfully, with the invariable remark for an excuse, as she flung it away from her, "Rotten—all rotten." She spoke very broadly, and her pronouncement of these two words, very vigorous, is still vivid. She had a sailor sweetheart



whom the children loved equally with her for the smell of tar, delicious in the town, and for the oranges and figcake he brought. We saw in him the finest fellow any girl ever fancied, and there has not been, looking back, such a seaman made since, nor has there ever been, from a child's glimpse of it, a wedding more jubilantly and becomingly celebrated than theirs, and from its singing and transcendent dancing a child was brought screaming to an uninviting nursery. Everything seemed to shine for Susan. Alas! one day about two months after, running from school into a little home that seemed Paradise, the gay sailor was found in bed dying from cholera, and a careless child kissed him before death had claimed him, too. Poor Susan! Afterwards, when she had her child, being very poor, she gave it to a sister and went as wet nurse in a noble family. There she nearly died of a broken heart, our tenderest of rough maids. The baby was only brought to her at stated times every day, and she was hardly allowed to handle it, while a fine nurse waited. She had every attention, and was taken out for drives in a magnificence she had never dreamed of, and had amusement provided for her indoors, but she actually pined through this cold-blooded treatment, and, though paid very highly, was glad when the baby's death released her. Yet looking at her one would have said, "Not much more than a healthy animal!" So she went back to her own baby, very glad to taste a dinner of herbs with love. When she came to the house an ancient inhabitant of it, who was always dubious of our discretion in selecting the fittest to suit impoverished gentility, said, after the first evening's inspection, "What sort of woman have ye got now, with neither a Bible nor an umbrella?" Those badges of respectability were unnecessary. She could neither write nor read, and one of the children wrote to her sailor. It was always, "You know better than me what to say," and our vague ideas of love-letters resulted in every second word on the most ordinary subjects being "dear." Fresh to town life, ignorant of anything outside the necessities of living, she went out one day for a nutmeg with a market basket. She was much angered at the size of her purchase, which she always persisted in calling a meg nut. Despite all that she did not know and never could know, we knew her for a good girl, and may earth lie light on her for the truest of women.—L.



A YAWN INDEED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an Irish wolfhound. I was kodaking the seven months' old little Skye-Scotch terrier puppies, and snapped them whilst the hound was in the act of yawning. The puppies are descended from a very game breed brought from Skye some fourteen years ago, and are smaller and longer coated than the modern show Scotch. I have tried and succeeded in breeding some of them light coloured.—M. C. HAWKE, Tadcaster.

[We do not commit ourselves on the question of Irish wolfhounds.—Ed.]

PINE NEEDLE ANT-HILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of an ant-hill, composed almost entirely of pine needles, was taken last September at St. George's Hill, Weybridge, and affords an interesting example of what these little insects are capable. The ant-hill, which was conical in form, with a diameter of 3ft. 6in., was incomplete, and in fact at the moment when the photograph was taken the ants were busily struggling up the steep sides of the heap, each laden with a pine needle about three times its own length. Although the needles and other fragments were sometimes brought from a distance, they were mostly taken from the area immediately round the hill, which, as is shown in the photograph, was fairly cleared, excepting that the pine cones which were too weighty and bulky, and the brake stalks which were firmly planted in the soil, had to be left behind.—G. C.

BACK TO THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of June 14th you published a letter under the heading "Back to the Land." May I ask you to be so kind as to give me some particulars of such a place as you describe? I have been away from England for some years, and want this information for a friend who is still abroad: (1) About what would you say is the least capital a man could start on, to rent, not to buy at first, say, a place of about five acres, with some glass? (2) Is there almost always a market at a paying price for such things as tomatoes, early potatoes, small fruits, etc., or is it often a case of over-production? (3)

Roughly, what could one expect to make? The man I mention has done something in this line abroad, and would do the hardest kind of work with his own hands. Would you think Devonshire a good part of England to look out for such a place, or what county would you advise? Any information you will give me that you think likely to be of use to a man going in for this sort of thing, I shall be thankful for.—GEORGE F. FARMER, Worcester.

THE BEST BUTTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent who enquires whether there is anyone who gives information as to the best means of bringing the producer and consumer of butter in touch, may I point out that The Warden, Lady Warwick Hostel, Reading, can give the names of several ladies who have taken up this work, after being trained at the Hostel, and in all parts of England. The great difficulty so far has seemed to be the finding of the consumer; and if you have space in your paper for this letter you will be helping a most promising industry, the importance of which in these days of foreign production cannot be too often drawn attention to. Eggs, poultry, cheese, fruit, and vegetables, as well as butter, can be obtained by this means direct from the producer.—A. N. MARTINEAU.

AN IMMORAL STARLING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A rather funny scene took place a little while ago in an aviary, which shows the demoralising effect confinement may have on birds of fairly good character. A starling was building its nest, and could not find anything to line it with in the aviary, which was certainly somewhat bare. Not to be outdone, he watched his opportunity, and caught hold of the tail feathers of a golden pheasant which was strutting about the floor. The pheasant naturally objected, though only mildly, to this insult, and finding, after one or two jerks, that the starling held on, set off at a run round the aviary. This did not shake off the attentions of the smaller bird, which ran after the pheasant like a small puppy at the end of a long chain, and at last succeeded in stripping off a large piece of down, with which he departed to his nest. When he returned the pheasant was on his guard, and seeing the starling come behind him whisked his tail from one side to the other, the starling hopping backwards and forwards in the most ridiculous manner; when he did catch hold the pheasant tried to peck him, but, hanging firmly on, he hopped agilely out of the way. The pheasant then put back his feet and his shoulders forward and pulled; the starling put his feet forward and leaning back pulled again, in which tug-of-war the other side of the feather was stripped. This amusing robbery went on till the pheasant had but three long skeleton feathers to trail after him, when the starling, seeing nothing more was to be got from him, retired into private life and the cares of a family.—MARY HEPPELL.

MY LADY'S KESTREL.

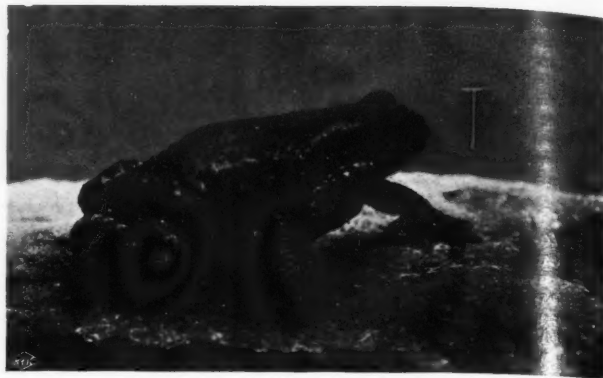
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph that may interest some of your readers. I got this young kestrel hawk early this summer. It was once quite wild, but now it is very tame indeed. It will let me do what I like with it. It does its work very well; it will catch birds for me, and mice too. It tries to bite anyone else if they stroke it when it is on my hand. Mother took the photograph.—D. E. THOMPSON, Fence Houses.

THE GARDEN TOAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if you may think the enclosed of sufficient interest for your columns. It represents our garden toad, which all through the summer till now has occupied a sort of den in a heath-bed on our lawn. It makes its way in all



directions through the garden, invariably returning to the same spot through the day. I have carried it to the front drive to show people, and on liberating it, it at once makes off, by the back or front routes, to its own abode, sometimes passing our busy backyard. If I place it on a table it throws itself down without injury half-a-dozen times running. May not this account for the toad's presence in wells and coal-pits? The India-rubber-like expansion of its body seems inexhaustible. I may add it is in no way afraid of us, but resents being kept a prisoner in the hand, by struggles indicating great strength. Many people know it well, as it is quite an old friend to some of our visitors. We know little of the toad's life history and age, apparently.—K. P., Bournemouth.

SUMMER FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The wonderful long-distance walking victories that have just been won by fruitarians in Germany, have sent a thrill of interest throughout the world as to what will eventually be found to be the best food for health and stamina for the human race. The virtues of the beef steak have been vaunted so long, that it comes to us almost as a shock to learn that the champion racquet and tennis player of the world never eats meat, and that one of the most brilliant cyclist champions of the day is a strict fruitarian, and that the old Roman gladiators, who fought for their lives as well as for glory, found it wise to live on dried fruits, grains, and oil in order to obtain the finest muscles and the most enduring wind and stamina. Personally, too, I have been so struck with the general improvement in health of those who have given up eating meat as a cure for headaches, rheumatic tendencies, and nerve debility, that I feel it to be a matter of great importance at this season of the year for large numbers of people, of all ages and occupations, to begin to experiment by adopting a fruitarian diet during the summer and autumn, and letting the results of their experiments be known, in order that we may get larger data to generalise from. The Council of the Order of the Golden Age are willing to receive and tabulate all information and

statistics, and if two stamps are sent to the secretary, Order of the Golden Age, care of Barcombe Hall, Paignton, South Devon, he will forward a guide to beginners, and other general leaflets of interest.—A PHYSICIAN.

A WONDERFUL HOLLY HEDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The annexed illustration shows an interesting piece of the old garden of Stelling Hall, Northumberland—the holly hedge. This is a noted growth of holly, being a strong and high barrier, 25ft. to 30ft. high, and 173ft. long. Below it is the celebrated herbaceous border which, sheltered by the holly, is well known for its early and luxuriant flowering plants. Stelling Hall has been recently rebuilt, but the gardens are very old, and the trees—Spanish chestnut, yew, and holly—are certainly of ancient date. The Manor of Stelling, part of the property bestowed by William the Norman on the proud Baliols (ancestor of John Baliol), was given by Bernard de Baliol to the priors and convent of Hexham, the gift including the right of pasturing cattle on the whole Barony of Bywell (the name Bywell a corruption, we believe, of Baliol). On the suppression of monasteries, the "farmehold of the Stelling" passed to Gwayne Stainburne, who willed it to John Heron, from whom it passed to the Hinds. In 1870 it became the property of Colonel Joyce, whose daughter (Lady John Cecil) sold in 1899 to the present owner, Mr. Sharp-Naters. An entry in an old deed of Charles I. states an interesting fact in reference to this property: "The free farm rent of 33 shillings and fourpence, preserved to the Crown out of Stelling, was granted 14th March, 1627, to Queen Henrietta Maria as part of her jointure." The writer has been told that the holly hedge is haunted.—MARTIA.

